

NETLEY ABBEY

An Elegy

The Striving of Man

And Other Poems

By

E. Rattenbury Hodges



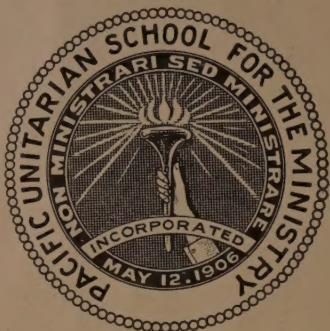
LONDON :

Christian Life Book Club

5 Fetter Lane, Fleet Street.

Price : Half-a-Crown.

PR
6015
023
N47
1922
GTU
Storage



BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF

Presented to this
College by the author.
(For the Library.)
E.R.H.

Sept^r 1922.

NETLEY ABBEY

NETLEY ABBEY

AN ELEGY

THE STRIVING OF MAN

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

E. RATTENBURY HODGES



Property of

CBSK

Please return to

Graduate Theological
Union Library

LONDON

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE BOOK CLUB

5 FETTER LANE, E.C. 4

PR

6015

O23

N47

1922

DEDICATED

TO

AMELIA

MY BELOVED WIFE

P814
H665

CONTENTS

	PAGE
NETLEY ABBEY	9
THE STRIVING OF MAN	16

ETHICAL AND RELIGIOUS

THE NEW CENTURY	35
THE LARK	35
THE IMMANENT GOD	36
LOVE	36
A PASSING DOUBT	37
THE HOUR OF JOY	38
OPTIMISM	39
LIFE'S GIFT	39
THE TWINS	40
THE PRICELESS GEM	40
BETRAYED	41
THE DAY	42
THE LIFE UNENDING	42
RELIGION	43
ADVERSITY	43
THE NEW LIFE	43
ALCYONE	44
JESUS	45
IN THE GLOOM	45
ETERNAL PROVIDENCE	46
MY LOVE	46
SUNLIGHT ON A FOSSIL	47
STROMBOLI	47
FRANCISCO FERRER	48
THE PASSING OF ABDUL	49

14460

	PAGE
REJECTION	49
PEACE	49
PHOTO'D AT 72	50
TAMAR'S VALE	50
CONSOLATION	51
THE WIND	51
DEATH THE DUSTMAN	52
A PRAYER	52
MAN	53
OUR TRUST	53
THOUGHT	54

A STORY OF THE EARTH . . . 55
(A GEOLOGICAL SKETCH WITH PROEM)

WISTMAN'S WOOD	60
A PEACE PROTEST	61
GERMAN DEVIL-CRAFT	62
THE ROLL OF HONOUR	63
THE DEMON OF POTSDAM	63
PETRARCH PARAPHRASED	64
IN THE GLEN	64
TIME'S REPROACH	65
THOUGHTS	65
EVOLUTION	66
PEACE	66

PHYSICAL SCIENCE

"NOVA PERSEI "	67
ÆTHER WAVES	68
DEFLECTION	70
AN ATLANTIC TRIP	71
NATURE	71
FLUORESCENCE	72
THE AIR-FIEND	73
AN ECHO	74

CONTENTS

	7
	PAGE
THE S.S. "TITANIC"	75
NIGHT	76
NONENTITIES	76
CAPTAIN PYCKTHORN	76
WILLIAM THOMSON	77
HUMAN PROGRESS	78

VERSATILE VERSE IN LIGHTER VEIN

MISS PORTER'S PLEA	81
THE NEEDY METRE-MAKER	81
THE ROAD DEMON	82
MINGLED MUSINGS	83
THE LION HUNTER	84
A PACIFIC ISLE	85
' <i>Arduous</i>	85
SAINT JOSEPH	87
A MEDICAL PROSPERO	87
A SCIENTIFIC PARSON TO HIS NIECE	88
AN OLD-TIME INVALID	88
THE BOOK-WORM	89
"BIRDIE"	89
"A GOOD ALL-ROUND MAN"	90
AVIATION	90
LENORE	91
LOVE	91
EIDELIA	92
A FANCY	92
A DOG TALE	93
AN EXCURSION IN IRELAND	94
THE PROFITEER	95
FLYING THE ATLANTIC	95
INDEX	96

PREFACE

HAVING been conveyed nearly seventy-three times round the sun, and therewhile tarried on the four continents, before quitting this dear old planet, I here leave some footprints on Time's muddy shores. Doubtless, a few "trippers" (critics *inter alia*) will duly observe these impressions before the next tide obliterates them.

My hearty thanks are due to the Editors of *The Christian Life*, Newark *Herald* and Tavistock *Gazette* for permission to republish some small poems in this collection.

E. R. H.

March, 1921.

NETLEY ABBEY*

AN ELEGY

WHEN yonder broken arch was whole,
'Twas there was dealt the weekly dole,
And where yon mouldering columns nod
The Abbey sent its hymn to God.
So fleets the world's uncertain span ;
Nor zeal for God, nor love to man,
Gives mortal monuments a date,
Beyond the power of time and fate.—SCOTT.

O BEAUTEOUS fane ! pride of a distant day,
Thine all is now the grandeur of decay.

Thy roof, celestial Nature's boundless blue,
And nave o'ergrown with flowers of varied hue,

While on thy massive walls so old and grey
The sombre ivy creeping, grasps her prey.

Draw nigh, fair Fancy ! lift thy magic wand
And wrest from Time and Death their fateful bond.

Canst thou this silent fane transform once more
Into the splendrous thing it was of yore ?

.

The mist of ages swiftly rolls away ;
Events appear and pass in strange array.

* It is to be regretted that the historical associations of this religious house of the Cistercian Order (at Letely) are very meagre. The Abbey was founded about the middle of the thirteenth century, and suffered dissolution during the reign of Henry VIII, although its abbot approved of the King's divorce from his first queen.

Before my mind the vision rises clear
Of fairest scenes of many a bygone year.

Ruin hath fled, and pleasing Order reigns,
The Past revives and fresh unfolds her gains.

Their former glory, now thy stones renew,
Majestic towers, fair pinnacles, I view.

Within how rich the carv'd and frescoed walls,
And quaint the beauty of dark oaken stalls,

And sculptur'd columns which the roof uphold
Betokening pious zeal that's never old.

In nave and transept stand each saintly shrine,
The ornate record of a life divine.

The rosy dawn's proclaim'd by plaintive bell,
And dewy eve by gently sounding knell.

Merchant and squire, the poor man and his wife,
Mail'd soldier late return'd from Eastern strife,

Peasant and knight the Virgin to adore
Devoutly kneel upon the tilèd floor.

The Sacred Host is rais'd in view of all,
Each faithful worshipper doth prostrate fall.

Rises anon and swells the pious strain
Which here inspires and warms the heart again.

Assembled monks and veiled nuns demure
With holy rites their home in Heaven secure.

At close of day, each hallowed task is done,
And victories new o'er Sin and Hell are won.

Under the kind strict rule of saintly prior
The souls of priest and nun and hind catch fire

And ardent burn with flame of sacred love
To Mary, Christ and the great God above.

How calm and pure man's life without, within
Could he abide untouched by taint of sin !

Alas ! that earthly gain and human joy
Are ne'er without a stain or base alloy.

Behold alack ! a herdsman rude, in strife
Draws sudden blade and takes another's life ;

Then guilty flies he toward the abbey-gate,
But 'tis alas ! for him too late, too late ;

There ring fierce cries, and from the wooded lands
A swift-shot arrow slays him where he stands.

And now there also comes a stalwart knight
In glittering show of armour well bedight,

And who for many a weary league did drive,
For Father Anthony his soul to shrive.

Likewise come they who wear monastic dress,
And sins of thought and deed most foul confess,

For wheresoever dwells a stricken soul,
It sorrows, strives and prays to be made whole.

A nun so frail, by mortal sin enthralled,
Is sternly doomed to be alive inwalled,

And then twixt rise of morn and set of sun,
With cold malignity the work is done.*

Of what avail our prayers, our groans and tears
For her, the fairest one of all her years !

* N.B.—Rev. Rd. Barham, author of *Ingoldsby Legends*, refers to this in a footnote to his poem, "Netley Abbey."

Accurst tribunal ! What a scene of woe !
As merciless as any age doth show.

O God ! can even this most cruel fate,
Thy wrath display, or Man's fanatic hate ?

Ah no, to doubt Thee is a sin most sure,
Thy love and mercy doth for aye endure.

Nay, 'twas a crime, a truly awful deed,
The offspring base of a most wicked creed.

But hark ! that sound of trumpet, flute and drum ;
Our noble king and queen are this way come.

Lo ! heralds gorgeous with each other vying
And flashing pikes and gleaming pennons flying,

And lords and ladies fair within their train
In speech and song the royal praise proclaim ;

The courtly " fool " in motley cap and bells,
With sparkling wit and gibe this likewise tells.

There's blithesome noble sport for many a day
While here the king, our gracious lord, doth stay.

Now Lent arrives, and he in humbleness
And sorrow doth on bended knee confess.

He showeth, too, both zeal and pious sense
By making bounteous gifts of " Peter's Pence " ;

A charter* also grants of new domains,
And for himself a heavenly peace obtains.

But our liege lord's on further journey bent ;
The treasure chests are packed, and struck each tent ;

When soon the wind is fair and day most bright
The Court takes ship for verdant Isle of Wight.

* By Henry III, dated at Westminster 17 March in the
35th year of his reign.

There cometh now to the refectory door
A minstrel with his quaint romantic lore,

With song of dire revenge and war and love,
Of foeman's challenge by the down-flung glove ;

How in the alchemic fires of pure delight
Fond human hearts in passion close unite ;

Or tale of lovers foil'd, or who in grief
Both eager sought and found in death relief.

Such sweet unwonted harmonies of sound
Draw folk from all the quiet hamlets round.

The children fair run out from many a cot,
And hurry gleeful to the charmèd spot.

The blacksmith deftly fashioning iron gorge
Forsakes his anvil and the flaming forge.

Shepherds arise, tho' feeble grave and grey,
And thither wend to catch the wondrous lay.

The farmstead youth and ever-bashful maiden,
Likewise the woodman gruff and heavy laden ;

Good housewives too and many an agèd dame,
That harp to hear, all gladly thither came.

And Thee, celestial Love, ne'er born to die,
The Holy Church with rites doth sanctify,

For happy pairs here gladly come to wed :
On them she doth her richest blessing shed.

A lady wondrous fair, her father's pride,
He giveth to a kinsman for his bride,

With velvet, silk and lace so bright the scene
E'en Beauty, envious, looks on fashion's queen ;

And during the dull preaching of a friar
What glances sweet of love ! what hearts catch fire !

But joy and mirth not long on earth abide,
They swiftly vanish down the ebbing tide ;

For lo ! there falls the solemn, mournful sound—
Warning the living, of the grave-cut ground—

The poor, the old and wronged, know *this* the portal
Unto the life divine, even immortal.

Within the walls, impressive scenes of woe,
Masses are said, *Misereres* soft and low,

Painful the sundered tie, with ling'ring gaze
The grieving throng recall departed days,

We hear the last sad office for the dead—
Now lies the corse within its narrow bed.

.

And thus the centuries gently roll along
With sounds of prayer and labour, strife and song.

To stay ne'er destined is this hallow'd calm
By simple faith sustained—the Church's charm.

Events all things they change, as phantoms pass
And fade within the wizard's magic glass ;

Yea, ever onward hasten stormy years
Burden'd with agony and blood and tears,

For, with defacing hand, Time wields his scythe
And levels all, the agèd, young and blithe.

.

How great the printing of the Sacred Book
Which frees the human mind !—Rome's power it shook,

And wrested from her boasted world-wide sway
Who bound by Superstition, dungeon'd lay.

Time—hallow'd goodly fane, thy storied page
The royal greed records, reformer's rage,

For thee is meted out the hapless fate
To suffer from the strife 'twixt Church and State,

Than more endure the despot rule of Rome
By Tudor king's decree thou art o'erthrown.

But lo ! these visions pass, they come no more,
Who in them liv'd, long gain'd th' eternal shore.

While fall the ruddy sun's fast-fading rays
Thou stand'st the witness of departed days—

Netley, of thee I'll end my plaintive lay,
Long live thy glory, even 'mid decay !

THE STRIVING OF MAN

PROEM

IN Motion, e'er enduring motion,
Is Universal law revealed.
The æther waves with speed transcendent
Course through all matter, dense and rare.
The shining spheres of boundless space
In their revolving, progress make—
A drift immense, a path profound.
Lo ! stars and sand-grains, all proclaim
The presence of eternal change.
In cyclones vast, whirl solar fires,
By rocky shores on rush the waves—
In soul of man the passions strong
Strive each dominion to obtain—
All tokens these, sublime and clear,
That nought inert can ever be.
And forms organic, beings sentient,
By steps of evolution rise,
Or, Nature's upward path avoiding,
Degenerate and sink to life
Both mean and charged with feebleness.
" The Spirit moveth where it listeth "—
Anon creating, now transforming
Ever with over-ruling purport,—
The highest and the best perceived
By the All-Knowing, All-Beholding,
While ages ever onward roll.

Man o'er life's pathway long hath striven,
From cave or hut he wandered far,
Through reedy marsh and noisome swamp ;
By hunger keen or fear impelled.

The scorching sun, impris'ning frost,
Of Winter's long and gloomy reign,
The stealthy flood, the flashing cloud ;
And roaring blasts he daily faced ;
With ravenous beasts oft bravely fought,
And sought as they for sustenance
'Mid trackless woods and wild ravines.
At last, with slow and painful toil,
On mountain side, a ledge he climbed ;
With wonder and with wild delight,
Of distant shores the outline saw
That seemed to skirt an ocean wide,
Or world of waters without bound,
A mirror vast that clear reveal'd
(Though lost on his untutored mind),
Not *rest*, but Life a ceaseless *quest*
Must be, until the final sigh.
On passed the years, and tribes arose,
For mutual aid the need they found,
It's worth perceived as manifold.
Of commerce true, the germ appeared
When arrow-heads the savage changed
For food or furs or other needs.
Through time immense a craft arose—
KISTVAEN and massive monolith
In primal rudeness, (but ordained
To take, long after, forms sublime),
Were all of history he could leave.
Through outlined Mammoth upon bone
Came Art, the very prototype.
No mean advance at length was made
When chisel served the hand for pen
'Twas thus his chronicles began.
His Nature-worship gross, refined
Lay hid in chambered heart of hills,
In hieroglyph and cuneiform,
With records grim of war and bonds,
Of racial strife for mastery ;
Yea, by the threefold mystery
Of Generation, Life and Death,
Were all superior minds impressed,

And not alone beside the Nile,
Euphrates or the Tigris swift.
To solve that secret, myths arose
Poetic, weird, elaborate ;
Those days remote, they testify,
Men felt some hidden truth was held,
In pearly light of opening morn
And crimson robes of setting sun.
Across the all-embracing sky
A mighty conflict seemed revealed
'Twixt Light and Darkness, Good and Ill.
Amid wild wastes of the unknown,
The dove Religion foothold found,
Her primal resting-place secure
In rites grotesque and often foul,
While priestly superstition ruled
The life of toiling multitudes.
In strength and solemn majesty
The Pyramids of Egypt stand,
By wondrous art and toil upreared
For twofold object well designed,
A fate-forecasting end to serve
And be, at last, great Pharaoh's tomb,
A mausoleum vast, supreme.
Unlike aught else in all the world,
To outlast ages that shall be—
Thus longeth man for deathless fame.

In scale of moral judgment weighed,
E'en this is great—a passive life,
That sorrow's burden meekly shares,
Or, toils for husband, child, and home,
And with affections pure and sweet,
Would of that home make paradise.
In truth and purity and peace,
Yea, prompted by a holy love,
Give censure wise of motherhood
That would the tender child protect
From moral and material wrong.

This blessed life all souls may share
Who live for others, not for self,
There Love is watchful o'er the sick
Oft weariness with patience strives.
By noblest sympathy impelled
The poor and outcast they relieve,
From paths of sin turn youth aside
And from temptations strong, would shield.

When peerless Love to earth came down,
She gently bore celestial fire
To kindle at Life's sacred shrine
Within the temple of the soul,
A sacrifice perpetual,
An offering sweet to God and man
For Time and for Eternity.
Upon the harp of life, Love played
And from it drew the wondrous chords—
Faint echoes of the songs of Heaven.
By such the human soul is stirred
To great endeavours, noble deeds,
With strivings holy or sublime,
But when by evil motive urged
The moral vision is confused
By lurements of a fair mirage,
And passion reigns where Love should rule,
Man backward sinking to the brute,
A blot becomes on Nature's face.
The barque may be as frail as fair,
That glides upon the radiant sea
And trims her course for some blest isle,
Yea, all proceedeth well anon,
Of seamanship an augury,
But storms of awful might arise—
The howling blast, the whelming wave,
To bear the dreadful strain, she fails,
And on the rocks is cast a wreck,
When Love her ardour baseless finds,
With sudden step then Rapture leaves

The soul bereft, in blank amaze,
Then chilly winds around uprise
And drive it forth a wanderer wild,
Through direst storms of grim despair,
Where lightning's gleam and blasts uproot
And ruin and disorder reign.
Yea, Reason may e'en then forsake
Her seat of calm majestic rule,
To plunge the weak and hapless soul
In the abyss unfathom'd where
Imagination's offspring base,
Fell Chaos and Eternal Night,
The servants are of Agony
And ushers at the Courts of Death.
The sculptor, in a legend old,
Implored the Gods warm life to give
Unto his marble-wrought ideal—
Moved by the ardour of his plea,
The powers divine the boon bestowed.
Yet oft is found this saddest truth—
A soul that's deeply loved in vain
A heart to lifeless stone transform'd,
Like her who, longing, backward looked
On the doomed "Cities of the Plain"
Drew Heaven's vengeance on herself—
To gleaming block saline was turned.

Slowly, with struggle, loss and pain,
Man from his bestial state arose,
Ever new powers of thought unfolding
Hither led and here enthroned him
The head of animate creation.
But what is Thought? The power of mind,
A spirit-motion, subtle, swift,
A psychic power of reach unknown.
A thought is like unto a drop
Descending slow in fluid calm,
A ring becoming, then rotating
With a mobility most graceful,

And unto its own axis true ;
Yet sinking and expanding still
A form of beauty rare, unfolds
(E'en like *Medusa* passing fair
Afloat within a sunlit sea)
Its own true character revealing
A vortex-ring transforming, and
Then by diffusion vanishing.
Of Nature-forces interplay
We here their sure resultant view.*
Within the region of the mind
A thought appears—a new idea,
Nor ask we its intrinsic worth,
A form of wondrous grace evolves,
Some truth of value thus declares
Its fitness to the needs of man,
A fact or law unique revealed—
One more in Nature's ordered scheme
The human world to overspread.
Of Thought the offspring each are these—
The optic tube to heaven upturned,
The rushing Titan steam-impelled
And marvels of hydraulic power ;
A thousand ties electric bind
In fellowship our common race,
Th' actinic film most sensitive
Beneath the sun's deft artistry,
The prism's ray-dividing power,
Whereby their ancient mysteries
The starry hosts remote, disclose.
Now, flying squadrons nigh the clouds
The conquest of the air proclaim.
All triumphs these of human thought,
Yet greater victories they foretell,
O'er vice and pain and ignorance.
Yea, things e'en from his sight withheld,
With eye of Reason, Man beholds—
Almighty Wisdom hath ordained
That Matter, e'en as Mind, obeys

* The reference is to Prof. Chas. Tomlinson's " Submersion Figures " (see *Phil. Mag.*, June, 1864).

The guidance of an inward law ;
Electrons swift gyrate through all
The molecules both dense and rare,
That form the earth and air and sea,
The warp and weft in cells of brain,
Wherein man's soul his plan conceives
And brings to full accomplishment.
In Form and Space and Time he notes
The laws of Number which declare
The presence of a Mind Supreme,
In force of love that closely knits
The fellowship of kindred lives,
Th' effluents each of Love Divine.

A man apart, is he who seeks
In mind and substance their true bond ;
Yea, Matter, Spirit, Space and Time
He would of each their nature know,
And then his inmost thoughts explore
To find the manner of their birth,
Hopes labyrinthine depths to sound—
The deathless soul's subconscious self—
“ Chambers of imagery ” still
Within the mind of man submerged
And nigh to warm Affection's fount.
Of Matter, nought's destructible,
E'en so, Ideas perish not,
For plans, abandoned wrecks, return
As flotsam, then recast, rebuilt
Are launched again and each in turn
The Argosies of Man enrich
And gladness bring to all the world.
From lofty plain of morals viewed
Of dual type Ideas are,
Embodiments of good or ill :
Angels of light, they're speeding forth
The race of Man to bless and save,
Or, swarm of harpies flying round,
The godless luring to their doom.

Most happy they who travel o'er
Fair Continents of Literature,
Roam flowery meads of Poesy,
Or, wander through the solemn glades,
Entangled brakes, illusive paths
And divers turns of creedal thought,
Or, aided by well trusted guides,
Climb ranges of Philosophy
(Of Thought, its mountain scenery),
And treach'rous gulfs of ice avoiding,
The line of barrenness o'erpass
The bracing summit air they breathe,
Mark features in the prospect vast,
And thence to common life returned,
Find rest, perchance, spellbound within
Some temple of the Thespian art,
Or halls, wherein the painter's skill
Has made the common canvas glow
With vivid records of the Past.

In peaceful labour findeth Man
His own abiding, best reward.
The spirit pure and clear in mind,
From Art her gift of grace receives,
Her forms and hues of harmony,
Her poetry of charming sound,
Reflecting Wisdom that's divine.
With ardour Man each star observes
And comet-paths with skill recounts,
Each planet-orbit calculates,
And spectra reads of solar fires ;
With solvents strong and fervent heat
His search for elements pursues,
The cryptic bond well apprehends
That makes for beauty, order, power
In all comprising this fair world ;
Yea, finds after laborious quest,
Another law of elements
Is slowly to disintegrate,

Confirming thus the doctrine bold
By sage* of ancient Ephesus,
But "a becoming are all things."
To him that hath the prescient mind,
The strata high or fathoms deep
Their vast and varied story yield,
Yea, unto his exploring soul,
The world, in her sun-circling race,
Of complex life the bright abode,
Is too, a crowded cemetery,
And spacious lands lie as a shroud
Upon a buried continent—
Archæan vestige, mystic, vast.

Peril herself transforms and casts
O'er man her wild seductive spell.
Forsaking green and fertile shores,
A land with fairest flowers adorned,
Yea, e'en the life most civilised,
He breasts the howling wind and wave,
Through icy barriers, blinding snow,
Across crevasses gaping death,
Undaunted, would the mystery solve
Of frost-clad poles most desolate,
Far sundered e'er since time began.
Reckless of life, more truths to gain
Who could for courage high compare
With him who dared the throat descend
Of hot Vesuvius, slumbering deep,
And grope 'twixt lurid lava-cracks
That hissed around "like Lernian snakes
Amid the reeds of Acheron,"
And thence return with treasures rare
From his mephitic bowels plucked?
Not Odysseus in charnel cave
Of monster Cyclops sleep-enwapt,
Nor tuneful Orpheus in Hades

* Heraclitus.

In search of loved Euridice,
Or Dante 'mid Inferno depths,—
Not one forecast such deeds as these.
Yet contrasts were it wise to note ;
When deeds of valour must be done
And loud and urgent is the call,
Amid the motley host appears
With those of purpose full and strong,
Some poor impostor braggart soul
Like Thersites, at siege of Troy,
A fool, whose vapourings warn mankind
And add no little to its mirth.

That pregnant phrase—" Balance of Power,"
Betokens statecraft manifold,
The peace of nations to maintain ;
A complex nostrum thus applied
For lack of simple amity,
Old wrongs it never has redressed,
And cannot save from those to come.
Unsound the base of social life,
O'erwrought are men from day to day,
O'ercrowded too, as comes each night,
In homes unworthy of our race.
Yea, Samson blind and at the mill
Had more of hope than these who toil
As senseless cogs in a machine.
The wrongs they suffer, come of Greed
Who eager counts his dividends,
Unheeding it, that Life demands
Some leisure sweet and prospects fair
The mind to wisely cultivate,
The heart and soul to satisfy,
Thus nobly striving, turneth Man
From idols false—*material things* !
Amid the dust of party strife
The few their privilege conserve,
A vestige of old feudal times
When castle, cross-bow, battle-axe

Were tokens of baronial power.
Such days of serfdom are no more,
For now a spirit new prevails,
Their native rights the people claim
And wisely to co-operate.
Nor need they, like the brutes, compete,
But set on toil a value fair
Whereby its worth to more shall grow,
And all an equal good may gain.
Henceforth, in justice unto all,
The State must own and distribute
All products of their thought and skill.
A comprehensive scheme, declared
For social wrongs a panacea,
Like all that in the future lies,
A scheme, mayhap, of lasting good
Or, but one more Utopia.
Unceasing is Man's quest for good,
For greater beauty, higher use
By hand well trained or with machine,
'Tis as we sow, the like we reap—
Be they ideas, golden grain,
Or poison seed or deeds of love.

By wild Ambition led or driven,
Power and contentment Man would grasp,
Resolves the whole wide world to rule,
One strong and rich dominion make.
From Nature's vast dynamic store
He draws, infernal ends to serve,
Her metals, latent chemic power,
With zeal satanic, he transforms
To servants of his direful will,
With high explosives he will blast
A path to world-pre-eminence.
Forthwith, for hellish war he arms
Despite of Justice, hating Truth,
And solemn treaties flings aside,
A crushing blow he hastes to strike

At nations weak and unprepared.
A vampire huge, he mounts and flies
Swift dropping bolts that maim and kill,
Or, protæan like, he quickly sinks
With damn'd invention intricate,
All craft afloat to seek, destroy.
Beneath a shattering hail of steel,
Amid the roar of mighty guns,
A fiend incarnate, on he goes,
With wrathful and persistent might
The frontier foe he long assails,
Nor recks of human holocausts
To gain and hold some blood-drench'd height.
The *cost* ! what cares the tyrant he,
When regiments are but rivulets,
And armies, rivers wide and deep
That flow into the sea of Death !
All glory to the might of War—
“ Of battle, the unbroken joy ”*—
With pain and sorrow, blood and tears,
He'll pay the price of victory !

Through the long night of agony
The nations restless turn and cry,
“ Lord God of mercy and of might,
When will Thy morning star arise,
Bright herald of the Day of Peace,
That shall at last for age endure ? ”
In her serene magnificence,
Nor less in horrors of the storm,
Nature the life of man reflects,
'Neath glories as of Paradise.
Terrific powers hidden lie—
Krakatoa's vast explosion

* This is quoted as a sample of political and military cant :
“ Throughout the whole army, in the officers and in the men,
lives the unbroken joy of battle.” Count Czernin (Imperial
Chancellor) in the Reichstag, 24th January, 1918.

O'er every land its tokens left,
 And Pelée's swiftly blasting breath
 Supreme catastrophes record,
 All of former time surpassing.
 ' Mid the peaceful life of nations,
 With products of the mind enriched,
 Outbursts volcanic come, of strife,
 With war-lust vile e'en filled, inflamed,
 Ambition fierce hath Science seized
 And in his service base enslaved,
 To gather NITRATES far and near ;
 By aid of high electric fire
 The very air to synthesize
 An ardent acid to prepare ;
 With nigh supernal skill create
 The flying demon Zeppelin,
 Whose cunning secret (hid as Life)
 Whereby a given plane he keeps
 For falling bombs their aim to guide,
 Aircraft that late romance excel,
 The needs of Man to further serve,
 But held in Murder's bloody hand
 Ideas these to fiends became
 Transformed and each materialized
 Unfolding vastest tragedy—
 Destruction, Desolation, Death—
 " The deep damnation " as of Hell
 With its unfathom'd depths of hate.

The cosmic forces long restrained,
 By seismic tremors sure reveal
 Their presence and terrific range,
 Through lines of weakness searching e'er,
 At length from their confinement burst,
 E'en thus the moral sentiment
 Held deep within the soul, asserts
 Its majesty and mastery.
 First, sacred longings move a few—

The company of glorious minds
Who feel the pulse of human need,
The forces latent in its breast,
That urge for an adjustment sure
And make for world-wide rectitude,
With silent yet resistless power
They onward press upon their way,
Reform or Revolution bring
To liberate and equalise.
When Nations each their might assert
Then whither shall the tyrants flee
Who, for so long, have cursed the world ?
O Western Land of Liberty !
Thou beautiful and spacious scene
Of mountain, lake, and forest fair,
A prophet from thy midst doth rise,
A son of Wisdom, Charity,
For all mankind a scheme proposing,
When codes of peace, like summer flies
Pass iridescent down Time's stream.
With all-commanding moral might
And sacred zeal, he now declares
A Covenant must needs be made,
The welfare of mankind t'assure—
Let nations in one League unite
For evermore, brook no delay,
Be this determined, well and true—
The Power that would aggressive prove
Or blow attempt, thereby shall call
Straightway for all to intervene
And seize the arm upraised to slay,
Then time appoint to arbitrate.
A plan most holy, just and wise,
Ensuring that true unity
Of all the toiling sons of men,
Through a thrice blessed League of Peace.
We fervent pray, it soon shall be,
To self-engendered age-long woes,
A healing remedy applied.
With ardent hopes Man now beholds
Refulgent with celestial hues

A bow of promise spans the vale,
So long a vale of human tears.

Great is the striving of Man's soul,
His toil of body and of mind ;
By noble ardour oft impelled,
Anon, a slave by Passion driven,
Yea, manifold are his desires,
Uplifted now, and then degraded.
Enwrapt in holy contemplation
A glimpse he gains of light from heaven,
Or, by demoniac thought and action
Sinks an unfaithful son forgetful,
Of the Eternal God, Most High.
In dreams, the Primal Man perceived
The spirit-forms of friend and foe,
And, as he lay in slumber, heard
Their words of strife or comradeship,
Then waking, thus the mystery solved—
Lo ! Man though dying, CANNOT die.
From out the distant past, till now
The grieving, longing human soul
The confines of the grave o'erlooks,
Assured that e'en the lost are found,
Or will be, in a happier world.
Nor is fair Hope, disguised Desire,
In these unmatched of cultured days
Some rays celestial span the gulf,
Convincing man that all is well
For time and for eternity.
As æther-waves unseen, sent forth
By Science, sure in thought and hand,
O'erpass wide leagues of land and sea,
And tidings bear for weal or woe
To men upon a shore remote,
So, in a medium subtler far,
The chords divine of Sympathy
Vibrate with strong and tender notes,
And move us with unwonted power.

Incursions into consciousness
To us declare or sure forbode
The advent of great good or ill
To those far off and yet most dear.
From psychic verities as these,
Foregleams appear, the tokens sure
Of that Parental Care that deems
Of priceless worth the human soul ;
Blest intimations, dimly seen,
Of that untrammelled timeless life,
The sacred fires of Faith bestir,
The warmth of Hope and Love revive.

From out the soil of social needs
The moral and religious sense
Arose, Man heard the inward call,
And saw the reflex, e'en though dim,
Of Holiness, Eternal Light ;
The presence of the highest felt,
Thus he to ethic summits climbed,
Perfection saw, a far ideal
As snowy range by Heaven illumed.
For Righteousness the Prophets strove
Of old in arid Palestine,
In sultry Ind and other lands,
Yet noblest he who taught that Love
The Law Divine complete fulfils—
Outcasting sin and bringing Man
To blessed oneness with his God.
Exalted Instinct Man hath not,
Unique is his religious sense ;
True toward the Pole, as needle poised.
How worship they, from Love or Fear,
Who bow in temples and at shrines ?
Of God few hold a high ideal.
Untrained their souls to trust and love,
While millions dread His power and wrath.
As generations rise and pass
Reason and Conscience come renewed

With strength and freshness of desire.
Men with insistent longing ask
What are the things that sure abide
When past are sorrow, toil and pain ?
Our highest, best we sacrifice.
A passing show's this human world,
And things we love can ne'er endure,
All beauty fades, riches depart,
And pleasures are dissolving views,
Brief as Aurora lights that glow
And leap around the realm of Frost.
Tempted are we to doubt, despair
Lest of abiding good we fail ;
Much inward strife must men endure
Who seek " the Way, the Truth, the Life,"
The path unto eternal peace,
The verity that feeds the soul,
And doth immortal vigour give,
So life, at last, be perfected ;
Yea, ne'er can man perfection know
Till his brute instincts are outgrown,
And Love in selfless triumph reigns.

For " things unseen " the evidence abounds,
The proof of entities that e'er abide,
Of powers and forces, motions manifold.
Yea, matter, spirit each has its domain,
But supersensuous things they all transcend
The total worth of those phenomenal,
And amply prove the dominance of mind,
Religion ne'er will fail nor can she fall,
Her foes, in vain, a mortal wound attempt,
In strength eternal shall her love endure,
With Faith and Hope, her dear companions twain,
Whose radiance spans the doleful dales of Death—
Revealing clear the soul's tranquillity,
Its progress and immortal bliss assured.
Upon the strongest, clearest reason founded,
The primal law of universal range—

Yea, e'en despite its mystery innate—
To Man is known, and Gravitation termed.
All matter, life, we likewise well infer
From one great power arose, and is sustained,
That power supreme, must we regard as God—
Spirit Divine, in Nature immanent ;
A concept reverent and rational,
Inspiring souls with filial love and awe.
So insignificant, Man's life on earth,
Attempts are truly vain to comprehend
The Author and Sustainer of all things,
Persistent, some a hard objection urge—
Agreed, a power o'er all, there surely is,
A *person* ? Who of us can truly know ?
His own *experience*, how can Man transcend ?
A specious question which another begs.
And hence we ask—Is this conclusion *true* ?
'Twas Reason, that remotest *Neptune* found,
Long ere that orb by human eye was seen.
'Tis dogma of unreason that concludes
The Universe e'en *must*, can only be,
But an eternal one elaborate
Without an origin and self-contained.
Be this their faith, that mind hath from " the void
Immense " and soulless, e'en come forth to rule,
(A fountain higher risen than its source !)
And Nature's laws majestic, all pervading,
They unbegotten were and nowise change.
We calmly ask—Which hath the greater weight,
The former or this scientific faith ?
With lofty, clear and cogent argument
Well Reason does a God to postulate,
Aught else is Chance chaotic, meaningless,
And Life on worlds, an age-long tragedy,
Likewise is Man unto oblivion doomed.
Yet hard it is a negative to prove—
A universal one impossible.

The little ever blending with the great,
Such then is mortal Man, yet strange that he

The spirits' clear prevision often lacks
And his eternal dower betimes forgets.
The chilling grip of Fear or dire Despair
Alike fair Hope, calm Reason may benumb ;
As sombre clouds the sun o'erhead conceal,
So prone is Man to doubt Almighty God—
Lord of this boundless star-sown Universe
And planes of happy being, manifold.
The strongest and the best disposed are they
Who constant trust the inward light,
And care not of its origin to ask
But fully know that they may forward go,
Assured by that clear-shining guide within.
E'en as magnetic pulses Earth receives
Whene'er they issue from the orb of day,
Likewise to Light Eternal, these respond
And in that hallowed Light, their strength renew.

Despotic Priestcraft's offspring Superstition
Is failing fast and soon must fall and die ;
Their latest triumphs Faith and Freedom gain
Through ever wid'ning knowledge, added power.
Comprehensive and withal unerring
Obtains the law profound of Evolution—
Sure Wisdom's wondrous method, all divine,
Outreaching e'en to strengthen and to save
And by corrective discipline reclaim
Spirits rebellious that went far astray.
Of that blest age, behold the dawn appears !
Yea, when Man's wayward soul has been re-born
And his redemption's gloriously assured,
Then will our race in holy adoration
The Father's presence feel and better know,
And all the most exalted sons of God
That on supernal heights in bliss abide
Enraptur'd with the Beatific Vision,
In perfect unison, will grandly blend
Their fairest anthems of immortal praise.

ETHICAL AND RELIGIOUS

THE NEW CENTURY

O LATEST and most promising of ages,
What wilt thou write upon thy countless pages ?
Shall one more potent master-mind arise
New realms of Truth to open to our eyes ?
Shall there resound a rich and brave new song
Of Vict'ry over many a mighty wrong ?
Shall Science add new wonders to her story
And find in Force and Matter loftier glory ?
Shall Art reveal fresh types of power and beauty
Or Ethics point to nobler paths of duty ?
Shall Faith with calmer eye look up to God,
And see Heaven nearer to this sin-curst sod ?
We wait ! yet comes no chorus of replies,
Shrouded in myst'ry life before us flies.

Feb., 1901.

THE LARK

Singing over Greenwich Cemetery

THE happy lark with circling flight
Soars upward to the source of light,
Nor doth he cease his notes to sing
Throughout the halcyon days of spring.

Though full of life, he does not dread
To hover o'er the mouldering dead,
Which here in crowded numbers lie
Beneath the blue illumined sky.

Sweet little bird, still soaring higher,
Thou teachest me in soul t'aspire,
To disregard the cares of earth
And seek for things of heavenly worth.

THE IMMANENT GOD

THOU great and viewless Power divine,
The whole creative scheme is Thine,
In starry worlds beyond the sky,
In forms that swim or walk or fly.

Were I to seek earth's farthest bound,
Or journey through its depths profound,
'Mid tenants of the rayless deep,
Or those that in dark caverns creep ;

Or wing my way from East to West
With deep desire to flee Thy quest,
To verdant South or ice-bound pole,
By craft or force to hide my soul :

Thou wert " behind me and before,"
In beating heart, or wave-lapped shore,
In moral sense, or mountain side,
In joy and grief, whate'er betide.

No woes of earth or powers above,
One soul can sever from Thy love.
My God ! I cannot go from Thee,
I'm Thine to all eternity !

LOVE

WHAT is passion ?
Just a fashion,
Of our fleshly garb.

The thrill of love
Is from above,
Bearing not a barb.

Of all pure thought,
'Tis the inwrought
Texture of the soul.

This light Divine
In all may shine
Perfect, pure and whole.

A PASSING DOUBT

I QUESTIONED, with a sigh
Arising from my heart,
Can true love ever die
As cloudlet in the sky
Or with'ring rose
At summer's close ?

Shall we meet *ours* again
Upon some happier shore
And greet on higher plane
Where Death ne'er comes nor pain ?
May we have this
Eternal bliss ?

How can I Him deny
Who gave this " better part " ?
True love will never die,
Its fount is the Most High,
From Him it flows,
He fully knows.

No need is there for doubt,
We'll ne'er by Reason know,
Our fears are put to rout—
An *instinct* casts them out,
Exceeding dear
Foregleams appear.

They come, the moments fair,
Of inward vision clear,
For intuitions rare
With *rapture* speed our prayer,
As lightning flash
Or billows dash.

THE HOUR OF JOY

THE riches of man's hour of joy—
 Who could them deem a trifling toy !
 In mutual love, the holy bliss
 Of soft embrace and tender kiss,
 Or gauge the highest truth of life,
 The power that bindeth man to wife.

The coming of a little child
 With form and spirit undefiled,
 The gift of God—a mystery,
 An epoch in Love's history :
 E'en if he could, who would destroy
 Within the parent heart that joy ?

A guiltless pris'ner 'scapes and then,
 Through mist, he flees across the glen,
 Outwits the tyrant evermore,
 Exults, at last, on Freedom's shore :
 Ah ! this must be his hour of joy
 And happiness without alloy.

.
 Each step gives joy in nature-quest—
 With optic tube and chemic test,
 The mighty truth by Genius found,
 When fell an apple to the ground ;
 To her who, with a mind well trained,
 That potent marvel Radium gained.

The well-spring of forgiving grace
 In tone and aspect of the face,
 The wondrous joy of pious will,
 That e'en returneth good for ill,
 And counts not " seventy times the seven,"
 The greatest triumph under heaven.

Supreme the joy of the "new birth"
When souls repent the sins of earth,
Resolve in heaven's light to shine
And live at one with things divine ;
Their hearts while they within them burn
The truths of higher being learn.

The pilgrim old his journey o'er,
His toils and sorrows are no more,
Now, with unspeakable desires,
'Mid rapturous visions, calm expires,
Forsakes his tenement of clay
And greets with joy, unfading day.

OPTIMISM

WITHIN the gloom let's not repine
'Tis sure to-morrow's sun will shine,

The grass will grow, the tides will flow,
For all things ever onward go.

We're moving on, unfalt'ring on,
And soon shall sing th' ecstatic song,

Of freedom from all mortal cares,
And ills the spirit feebly bears.

LIFE'S GIFT

LIFE gave me once a precious golden hour
To spend within the avenue of Power,
Things bright and gay I eager did survey ;
These trinkets I could have, if I would pay.
When on my course a beam from heaven did shine,
Then turn'd I gladly unto things divine ;
From gauds and all that seem'd but loaded dice,
Turn'd I to Truth, the pearl without a price.

THE TWINS

DEAR little twins with faces fair
And heads aglow with golden hair.

Your pretty talk and merry glee
A pure delight afford to me.

Methinks most happy then are they
Who love and care for you each day.

Like beauteous lilies of the field
Ye to my soul sweet lessons yield—

Who seek God's kingdom undefiled,
Must each be as a little child.

THE PRICELESS GEM

THE gem, for ages hid, at last is found
And now a monarch's lustrous crown adorns ;
In aspect mean, obscure there passes one
With genius dowered, e'en that supernal fire
That patiently awaits th' auspicious hour
Its wondrous strength and glory to reveal.
Within the common man, there hidden lies
That potency—a great Divine ideal ;
Beneath bleak winds, despite his outworn frame,
The sod he turns, while she the cradle rocks
Within a hovel mean and gloomy oft—
The simple life of duty, faith and love ;
Hereafter shall these lowly ones attain
A destiny exalted and sublime ;
How inconceivable the plan, how vast
The *birthright* is of every human soul.

BETRAYED

IN public gardens, trim and neat,
They chanced to meet.

He led her to a "fancy stall,"
Thence to the ball,

And now amid the lightsome dance
She seem'd in trance.

Within his eyes there glowed the fire
Of wild desire.

He held her by his wicked will,
A captive still.

A round they daily went of sights
And strange delights.

To her he was "in honour bound"—
Ah! empty sound!

Unheeding all, to her there came
A loss—a shame—

She plung'd into the fog-bound river—
God forgive her.

.

But what of him who Love betrayed,
Is *Right delayed*?

Shall we not still the question raise,
With true amaze,

Why therefore fails the Law herein
To punish Sin?

Give answer, Justice, though blindfold,
Thy scales true hold.

THE DAY

A TIME there lies before us,
When human strife shall cease,
When Right will rule the future
And mankind live in peace.

Be this our cry insistent,
O come thou glorious day
Of promise, not far distant,
For thee we'll strive and pray.

Haste thee, happy golden age,
Love's banner wide unfurled ;
The hopeful see thee and the sage
Looks o'er a new-born world.

THE LIFE UNENDING

WITHIN a tent that groweth old
We briefly dwell ; a truth behold
Set forth in Holy Writ and inward sign
For ever sure and hence divine :
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Ye cannot die.

For in these bounds of flesh and bone
The human soul hath ne'er a home,
But a tenure brief of varied stages,
Thence departs for all the ages.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Ye cannot die.

Mankind here suffer loss and pain
E'er they can reach the heavenly plain
Uprising e'en from out the slime and sod
Become, at last, at one with God.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Ye cannot die.

As planets in the star-lit space
Their paths pursue, an endless race,
E'en thus impelled by a supernal force
The soul moves on her timeless course.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Ye cannot die.

RELIGION

WHOSO that feels Religion's force,
'Twill be to him as daily bread,
Nor need he wear the pectoral cross,
As token of the blood that's shed.

No symbols, Roman, Greek or Norse
Are needed, so the soul be fed,
For with calm joy, it takes one course—
“ The food of love,” all else is dead.

ADVERSITY

THIS prone am I, at times, to ask,
“ Whether 'tis noblest in the mind ”
To bear the keen tempestuous wind
Or let it on our faces smite
In sportive mood or cruel spite.
Well, 'tis but to our nature fair
To have abundance of fresh air.

THE NEW LIFE

BENEATH the hot and glaring sky
I journey'd o'er the desert waste,
Athirst for what I hoped was nigh.

For Nature with illusions fair,
My wayward heart drew on apace,
There seemed to glisten through the air

ETHICAL AND RELIGIOUS

A palace, gardens, and cascade ;
Beyond them an empurpled range
And vales of verdure and of shade.

But onward eagerly I went,
Nor feared the all-engulfing sands,
For I was now on *duty* bent.

My soul desired enduring good,
For this alone could satisfy,
Then halting for a while I stood.

And as I gazed across the plain,
There gleam'd upon my failing sight
A vision of the boon I'd gain.

For, passing fair of all I'd seen,
Encircled by the sultry waste,
Afar there glowed an islet green.

Then ceased at last the inward strife,
At length with holy joy I found
The kingdom of the Lord of Life.

From out a rock 'mid fadeless trees,
There flowed the fount—Eternal Love :
I stoop'd, drank deep on bended knees.

Then all my doubt and grief and pain
Took wing and fled ne'er to return,
For lo ! I had been born again.

ALCYONE

THE Universe of shining spheres
Encircling this dim " vale of tears,"
Must needs contain some bourne of rest,
Some orb of beauty, bright and blest.
For as the magnet to the pole
So towards it turns each longing soul.

Vain dream ! for thoroughly free from stain
Must be the temple-courts again.
No *outward* heaven can be revealed
To men whose souls remain unhealed ;
Not till from sin we gain release,
Can dawn the joy of inward peace.

JESUS

SUFFICING for our highest needs,
His *life* it is and not the creeds.
They all who truly follow him
Have turned away from lure of sin.

So ere denounce they or debate,
Let men those holy truths *re-state*
That held the people's souls of old
When spake the Nazarene so bold.

Oh cherish thou that creed of thine,
In righteous *deed* is life divine ;
To one another succour giving,
This indeed is holy living.

Be calm, submit and suffer loss ;
Take up, in sacrifice, thy cross.
Then thou shalt see the light of God,
As fall thy tears upon the sod.

The Son of God, that noblest Man
Of perfect life display'd the plan ;
Faithful tell ye then this story
Of his never-fading glory.

IN THE GLOOM

SOLEMNLY sound the evening chimes,
O'er hill and brook and lane and lea,
Now warning of the passing times,
The heedless village folk and me.

ETHICAL AND RELIGIOUS

The spider in her hammock swings,
The breezes fall with plaintive sighs,
The nesting bird doth fold her wings,
The murm'ring bee now homeward flies.

O life ! bereft of glad surprise,
Night doth, alas ! bring naught to me.
Save vain regrets and weeping eyes,
Hence onward to eternity.

ETERNAL PROVIDENCE

SPIRIT Eternal wise and good,
Beneath Thy sway all Nature lives,
Thou knowest e'en a sparrow's fall,
And flowers that cliff and hill adorn,
And grace unto the river-bank imparts,
Bear shapes and hues divinely set,
Nor lives a form within the deep
But shares Thy mystic life supreme.
Yea, in the vast and terrible,
In earthquake, pestilence and wars
That sweep their myriads unto death,
Thy Will involves enduring good
Though puny Man oft fails to note
The movement toward the distant goal—
The perfect life that yet shall be.

MY LOVE

UPON her beauteous face
There shone a grace
I ne'er had seen before.

Within her thoughtful eyes
Love would apprise
Me of its own sweet lore.

While o'er her placid lips
Heaven's meekness sits,
The Soul's unfading power.

Then, on her little hand
I placed a band,
My heart's symbolic dower.

.
Ye say—*What joy is thine !*
Nay, *'tis not mine,*
But sacred memory.

SUNLIGHT ON A FOSSIL

MILLIONS of years untold have silent pass'd
Ere sun-rays o'er the marsh upon thee fell.
'Twas strange the verdure of that ancient scene,
Before the higher types of being came
When saurian beasts, uncouth, wallowed in the slime
Or, searching ravenous, roamed the stormy deep.
Those golden rays your graceful fronds illum'd
While o'er the scaly bark dull beetles crept,
And darting dragon-flies their prey pursued.
Thou fragment dark of a once primal tree,
Upon thee falls again the light of day,
Though Time has thee transformed to stone inert
He failed the secret of thy past to hide
From Man's untiring and cause-seeking mind,
Sunlight he found in thy formation shared
And shaped a witness mute of plans divine,
Of wisdom and of power beneficent.

STROMBOLI

THE steadfast glow of Stromboli
By night illumes the land-lock'd sea.

Its lurid rays a constant guide
To fishers and all folk beside,

Who onward pass, or to and fro
Some pleasure seek, or weal or woe.

“ Let thy light shine ” and steadfast be
A beacon toward eternity.

Be every act and each desire
The striving of a hidden fire.

Toiling o'er life's unresting sea,
Let Conscience be thy Stromboli.

FRANCISCO FERRER*

In Memoriam

'Tis Grecian mythic lore that one of old
By daring zeal impelled and impious might,
A spark of sacred fire from Heaven stole,
In pity downward bore and gave to men.
To punish him the angry gods resolv'd,
In haste the Council great, at once decreed
Pometheus shall be chain'd to Caucasus
And vultures shall his liver eye devour.
A *tragedy* the modern world beholds !
The sacred fane of Truth *one* eager sought,
And lighting lamps at her pure altar fires,
The radiance bore to *youth* in darkness reared.
Then agèd Superstition wrathful rose,
Her trusty minions Force and Fraud employed,
Who subtle coils around their victim drew,
At Justice mock'd, then hurl'd the bolts of death.
But saviours of their race can never die,
When gibbet, axe, or shot their worst have done.
Lo ! Priestcraft cannot either kill or stay
The vengeance of the fiery Catalan !

* Educationist and Social Reformer ; shot on October 13th, without Civil trial, by the late Spanish Government.

N.B.—Article in *Nineteenth Century and After* for November, 1909. Vide McCabe's *Martyrdom of Ferrer*.

THE PASSING OF " ABDUL THE DAMNED."

IN marble palace Cunning sat enthroned,
 Surrounded by his ministers of lust,
 Regardless he of million toilers' woes
 Nor thought of widows' tears and orphan cries.
 For long with spy and dagger, noose and cell,
 And tempting bribe and specious lie he ruled
 The sons of Islam in the Orient
 Far famed by classic tale and sacred lore.
 Behold how swift and sure came *Nemesis*
 Who round him drew her magic ring of steel,
 Then spake with tongue of fire in thunder-tones,
 Her arm outstretched and with resistless grip
 The tyrant hurled from off his blood-stained throne

REJECTION

THERE came a sorrow worse than death,
 When Agnes said, with bated breath,
 For *long*, methought this heart was *thine*,
 Ah ! 'twas *misjudgment*, I resign.

The place in thy affection's held,
 'Tis not in youth, but 'mid the *eld*
 Thou wilt affection surest find,
 A partner true unto thy mind.

In pure affection's course the heart
 May search and find " the better part "—
 The beauty, strength of changeless love—
 Foretaste of endless joy above.

PEACE

SOFT wind amid the trees,
 Low humming of the bees,
 Bring to my troubled mind
 A soothing balm.

Beneath the pale moonlight
Within the woodland height,
Here is enough to ease
With blissful calm.

PHOTO'D AT 72

PORTRAYED are features here that must
Full soon return to kindred dust.

And, after all, what is the face
Whether 'tis plain or full of grace ?

The face tells not of truth the whole,
'Tis Man himself's the living soul,

Whose chief imperishable part
Can never be revealed by Art.

TAMAR'S VALE

I WOULD of Nature tell a charming tale
Of Tamar's fir-clad slopes and verdant vale,
The Cornish borderland that round me lies,
And hourly varies as the sun-lit skies.
Oft have I marked the mist, at early morn,
The stream enshrouding, yet the vale adorn,
Turn to a *fiord* wide, with islets here and there,
A silent scene enchanting, weird and fair,
But when the glorious sun in might arose
His arrows put to flight these vap'rous foes.
Long from the great city of my birth exiled,
Thy vale serene, my heart hath now beguiled,
Sweet Tamar ! well art thou a boundary prime
As that ordained to Man by Time.

GUNNISLAKE, *June 11, 1916.*

CONSOLATION

LOVE ! why anon lead'st thou to deepest sorrow ?
Await, O soul ! the glowing dawn to-morrow ;
Though vanish'd hence from thy enraptured eye
She now hath gain'd a beauty ne'er to die.
With Graces three and Holy Patience wait
Her joyous welcome nigh to Heaven's gate.

Then answered I, my faltering trust reproved,
Yea, every fear outcast and doubt removed,
Thou, Love, wilt triumph, I indeed shall know
When past are all my burdens, strife and woe ;
Imagination stumbles, tires and faints
To view the fadeless heritage of saints.

Yea, 'twill be revealed—this glorious mystery,
When completes the soul her earthly history.
Th' Eternal who hath ever wrought of old
A purpose wise, unerring, doth unfold,
Within this common life—our daily *real*—
He sees, in each, His own Divine Ideal.

THE WIND

THE leafless boughs like harps are played upon
By lightsome fingers of the gentle wind,
And give forth notes of plaintive melody,
While sombre night they soothe to deeper rest,
Anon the tones grow wilder and more weird
As if commingled with the piercing cry
Of agony outwrung from spirits lost ;
And yet again with fitful change they sink
To notes profound of wrathful waves that beat
With awful might, a bleak and rugged shore ;
But lo ! the unseen conflict's now o'erpast,
And air and sea to rest are gently lulled
As troubled infant on the mother's breast.
E'en thus are they of the Blest Spirit born,

From the deep womb of Nature's night they come,
 And joyous enter God's own glorious day,
 Re-born and in His Kingdom aye to dwell
 And join in songs of everlasting praise.

.

Similitudes are these of things divine ;
 Of Discords changed to Heavenly Harmonies.

DEATH THE DUSTMAN

WHILE Death, the dustman, goes his round,
 To carry refuse to the mound,

That Nature may transform the whole
 And send it toward another goal,

So must this be my body's fate
 When I pass to another state ;

In truth, to me, it matters not
 Whether this vesture burn or rot,

The *soul*—the *deathless soul's the man*,
 Whose life's not measured by a span,

But wings its ever-widening way
 To service in eternal day.

A PRAYER

O LORD and Father of mankind,
 Thou art the one eternal Mind
 Upholding worlds that else would fall ;
 Thy praise we sing, on Thee we call.

O Lord of Order, Light and Love,
Creation doth Thy being prove,
We thank Thee that each opening day
Doth Nature's beauty clear display.

Grant us Thy Holy Spirit, come
Our sins to conquer every one,
That powers of body and of soul
May make each life a perfect whole.

We thank Thee for the love which binds
In sacred bonds our hearts and minds,
And each to each and all to Thee
Both now and for eternity.

MAN

WHAT is Man ? a frail creature of a day,
Who deftly builds his cubicle of clay,
And constant toils and sports o'er land and sea,
Then breathless hastens toward Life's mystery.
Existence here to him a passing phase
Throughout the measure of his mortal days,
Upon a plane of being vast, unseen
There finds his soul free play for powers keen.

OUR TRUST

THE generations pass away,
Men strive and hope from day to day,
They pierce the Alp, and mount the sky,
Yea, e'en the eagle's flight outvie,
Dimensions find of worlds afar,
And read the light of distant star.
And yet, O Lord, we trust in Thee,
That all the best is still to be,
That all true gains from toil and time
Will be our own as they are Thine.

THOUGHT

SAY, what is Thought ?
That motion of the mind
Which leaves Time, Matter, Space
Outstripped behind.

Say, what does Thought ?
By secret wondrous courses
He writes, builds, soars and sounds,
With forms and forces.

Thou soul-power vast
Within the Universe,
'Tis thy strange destiny
To bless and curse.

A STORY OF THE EARTH

(A GEOLOGICAL SKETCH)

Proem

WITH eagerness would modern Man survey
Earth's ages, though in retrospective dim,
The incandescent vapours vast and rolling,
The primal elements and forces all
From whence this fair and teeming world hath sprung.
Science keen-eyed, her triumphs manifold,
With skill the reign of natural law discerned,
Imagination, Reason, toilers twain,
To all their tests, also Conjecture add,
They seek in Matter, Force their origin.
Yet can no record clear, complete be found,
Th' Ariadne clue to secrets prime.
Hence the abysmal past, Man sounds in vain,
Truth's awful and eternal majesty,
Truth in her unveiled beauty, unsurpassed—
'Tis not for mortals e'er to fully know.

.
'Mid cosmic gulfs profound, full swiftly runs
Upon its circle-path this earth of ours,
And like to the innumerable suns,
Fulfilling duly all her destined hours.

How measureless the energy divine
That sent her hast'ning on that mystic way,
And made her mighty parent orb to shine
Resplendent with the potent beams of day !

Amid the star-sown fields of space
And guided toward some chosen far-off goal,
As *one*, the System runs its wondrous race,*
Urged by the might and will of " the Oversoul."

* Moving, it is said, toward some region in the constellation of Hercules.

And hence while here we daily toil and roam
'Twere purposeful and wise to bring to mind
The hist'ry long of this our planet-home,
Its transformations strange of many a kind.

Though silent, yet the snow-capt mighty mountains,
Unto Man's thought reveal their age-long story ;
Their verdant bright-hued vales and sparkling fountains
Clear witness bear to Nature's wondrous glory.

For lack of truth, Conjecture here demands
The impact vast of two colliding suns*
Which to a bright *nebula* immense expands,
And this our System's *matter* fitly sums.

Through many countless ages was Earth's sire
Vapour diffused, primordial and remote,
A thin and nebulous far-spreading fire†
With nought of changes even to denote.

Æons they pass'd, and through the haze immense
Then silent sped there forth the fiat great,
The fire-mist impelling slowly to condense,
The shaping of new worlds to antedate.

Lo ! in the wondrous star-lit gulf profound
Arose colossal then a dazzling sphere,
With ne'er a sign of shock without a sound,
To be the centre for each circling year.

Anon, with swift rotation swifter growing
In this resplendent mass, exceeding vast,
Globe after globe of molten matter glowing,
From its stupendous flame-belt tense were cast :

Flung forth was one to a point far distant,
Then graceful curving, rush'd with mighty swing,
For Gravitation's influence persistent,
Its course compelled to make within a ring.

* Bickerton's theory.

† Kant originated this hypothesis.

Revolving thus, there came a double motion,
Annual and axial ; ages long they passed,
Its vapours all condensed and heaving ocean,
The ambient air, and earth were formed at last.

For long a seething cauldron was the ocean,
Likewise, surpassing hot the plastic earth,
With blasting vents in wild unleashed commotion,
For untold ages after she had birth.

By slow contraction of its primal crust,
Much strata water-laid were greatly changed
And amply folded by each lateral thrust,
These rocks thereby were mightily deranged.

Hence crushed to lustrous schists, and slate that cleaves,
And snowy marble, varied serpentine,
They came to be the mystic scroll or leaves
Of Nature's wondrous volume sibylline.

Of life, the lowest grades came first to light
And gently swam within the rolling seas,
The fragile " sea-pen " and the Trilobite,
While o'er them play'd or sped the wand'ring breeze.

As passed the age, then orders new obtain,
Arose huge fish, well girt in armour-scale
That gleamed o'er all the surface of the main
And blithely sported 'neath the raging gale.

Yet, sheltered well from its destructive might,
Existed countless other fragile forms,
The ornate *Goniatite* and *Ammonite*
Were amply nourished by its tides and storms.

And then upgrew anon *cycad*, tree-fern,
O'er many a wide and far-extending swamp,
So dense, no eye the distance could discern
Their tall fronds wave, as if in silent pomp.

Unlike all other things beneath the sky,
By slow entombment of the forests whole,
These beauteous plants were fated thus to die—
Transform'd by Time immense to lustrous coal.

On barren islets 'mid the waters, came
From various lofty peaks, oft girt with cloud,
Mighty volcanic outbursts, tongues of flame,
Great rending shocks and roarings, deep and loud.

A calmer period came, in shallow seas
Enormous ravening *saurians* freely roam,
Unheeding all the storms that blast and freeze,
The swamp and wave alike their home.

And then there gently rose low-lying land,
Forth came new types, uncouth and monstrous beasts,
That crawl'd through verdant forests, or the strand,
And found among the leaves abundant feasts.

Once more submerged were then each hill and plain,
Whereby throve shellfish, "urchin," *foramen*,
Beneath the heaving of the shallow main,
For well were various types advancing then,

Appeared, the strange bat-winged *Pterodactyle*
That oft arose from out his sea-girt cave,
Flew o'er the rugged land from bay to isle
And swiftly dived beneath the curling wave.

The pregnant earth at last, with many thrills
Amid the shallows and abounding creeks,
Gave birth unto those continents and hills
Which slowly loftier grew to chains and peaks.

In that exceeding strange primæval time,
Many new saurian forms unique then throve,
That swam the wave and wallowed in the slime,
And calmly rested 'mid each sheltering cove.

Alike were great ungainly *Dinosaurs*
With monstrous paunch endowed, and large hind limbs,
Crawling 'mid boundless swamps and reedy shores,
Life-forms archaic, proofs of Nature's whims.

Of beasts unique, in old Jurassic time,
Were saurians huge with bony plates well armed,
Two-brained—in head and centre of the spine ;*
Short lived, since Time could not with them be charmed ;

Yet *Atlantosaurus* stood for size supreme
On this or any continent or shore.
In shape wellnigh the monster of a dream,
A brute so vast, ne'er trod the earth before.

By many perfect and unerring ways,
Each well conforming to her laws of old,
Nature strove at length her work to raise
And even higher types to slow unfold.

Then came there forth e'en fairer forms of life,
Creatures that grazed and roamed as free as day,
Betimes were some engaged in deadly strife,
Or stalked amid the reeds in search of prey.

A pigmy horse, three-toed, with flowing mane,
The graceful elk, the ox, fierce wolf and bear.
'Twas then the lordly mammoth trod the plain :
Each held of life's enjoyment equal share.

In length the winters gained, the Age of Ice
Came onward creeping o'er each hill and dale,
And Nature, gripped as in a mighty vice,
Was covered with a lustrous coat of mail.

* " A large chamber in the sacrum, formed by an enlargement of the spinal cord. The chamber strongly resembled the brain-case in the skull, but was about ten times as large."—
H. N. Hutchinson's *Extinct Monsters*.

But changes in Earth's orbit brought release,*
Around the northern hemisphere remain
Signs of sun-power that made Frost's reign to cease,
Remnants of its great terminal moraine.

Event supreme ! appeared beyond a trace
(So modern Science bids mankind to think)
Of some *half human* and yet *bestial* race,
Which now is aptly named " the missing link."

For out the sombre woods, beside the wave,
Came forth at length a graceful upright race,
Their only tools but flint, their home a cave,
Their simple labour, fishing and the chase.

Lo ! Earth so fair, her noblest hath evolved,
E'en one aspiring to each height sublime,
A spirit-power indeed, a mind resolved
To conquer ev'ry sin, himself refine,

Came Man to be earth's crowning work of God,
Richly endow'd, faint reflex e'en divine,
A *son*, who lives to think, to love, to plod,
A *soul intended evermore to shine*,

Yea, when this beauteous world and blazing sun,
And all the radiant planets in their ways,
At last their race magnificent have run
And *melting*, pass again to fiery haze.

WISTMAN'S WOOD, DARTMOOR

LIKE ancient warrior bands in conflict fierce,
By an enchanter's wand transform'd to trees,
Behold a wood of agèd, stunted oaks,
Sheltered from each and every stormy blast.
All country folk it peacefully outlives—
Insects and birds and flowers and lesser things

* According to Croll's astronomical theory (*Climate and Time*).

'Neath the feet of cattle grazing in the breeze.
Rosy dawn salutes the leafy host ;
O'er them the cold moon casts her ghastly spell.
The mournful cloud, in passing nigh them, wept,
And swift-shot arrows of the lightning flash'd.
In Summer noon's embrace they listless lie ;
The Winter frost oft smites but cannot slay—
All-conquering Time alone will them destroy.

A PEACE PROTEST

I WOULD not come, I would not come,
At bugle call and beat of drum,
The art to learn by heartless drill,
My brother man to maim and kill.

They who are rife to stir up strife,
Use pistol, sabre, gun or knife,
E'en as a hungry ravening beast
Is eager for the bloody feast.

Can naught appeal for common weal,
Save roar of gun and clash of steel ;
And need there be the arm of might,
Or shall there come the Rule of Right ?

'Tis our blest fate to arbitrate
With Reason's Voice, not that of Hate ;
And come at last in sacred awe,
To live and labour under law.

It must be done, it must be done,
Before, O Man ! thy race is run ;
As sure as rules a Power above,
O'er earth shall reign Truth, Peace, and Love.

Metus hostium

And yet 'twere well this thought to tell,
 With all the clearness of a bell ;
 That warns of fire to all around,
 And rouses men from sleep profound.

The *coward's* vice may all suffice,
 To welcome peace at any price ;
 Firm stands our patriotic creed,
 To check the rough invader's greed.

Injustice prize, Liberty despise,
 The moral law of duty dies !
 We must be free, and ne'er the slaves
 To hordes of lusty foreign knaves.

GERMAN DEVIL-CRAFT

" MADE in Germany " was a phrase
 To all familiar in our peaceful days :
 Stamped on imported goods, that made
 No small an item in our British trade.

Now, German war-lords and their spies
 Hurl lead and steel and hate at the Allies ;
 But the loud thunder of their guns
 Thrusts back the ruthless swarm of crafty Huns.

These Teutons toasted to " The Day "
 When unto them the world shall tribute pay,
 And o'er fall'n Britain, Russia, France
 Exultant, they'd perform a devil dance.

Their mighty efforts round Verdun
 Prov'd not, indeed, for France " the crack of doom " :
 Their bursting shells—thousands of tons—
 Failed to vanquish or dismay fair France's sons.

This bloody conflict—how will't end ?
Germania's pride must to the Allies bend,
And all her vast ambitions dire
Perish, as Ilion's towers wrapp'd in fire.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR

With tread as one and beat of drum
Our gallant soldiers forward come,
The bridge approach, then cross the stream,
And pass from view e'en as a dream.

O living stream of mortal men,
Though some have gone from human ken,
Yet are their souls supremely blest
Who now have gained eternal rest.

For Justice, Liberty and Truth,
With hosts they strove devoid of ruth,
The costly sacrifice is made,
In life-blood red, the price they paid.

Beyond the thunder of the guns,
With joy they heard " Welcome my sons,"
Your loved, their liberties and lands—
Ye saved from vile and cruel hands.

THE DEMON OF POTSDAM

Il a le diable au corps

SHALL this fair world controllèd be by law divine !
Resolv'd am I, that to my glory, it must shine,
So thought the fiery Demon of Potsdam.

What are the Nations great and small ? A crowd of
Knaves.
These all I claim the men of Europe shall be slaves,
So spake the haughty Demon of Potsdam.

Who dare resist ? Of such I vow they shall be crush'd,
Their cities proud and temples fair, I'll pound to dust,
So roared the rampant Demon of Potsdam.

Ye loyal spirits heed, let this be quickly done ;
Your forces concentrate ; be all in purpose one,
Thus ordered he—the Demon of Potsdam.

At once shall ye your strength and valour dedicate,
" The treach'rous English " to exterminate,
So madly raved the Demon of Potsdam.

What have they but an army small, " contemptible,"
Let them their utmost do, 'tis but attemptable,
So grimly sneered the Demon of Potsdam.

Anon this spirit wild, infernal hurried forth
To cast with cruel craft his blasting bolts of wrath,
E'en so wrought he—the Demon of Potsdam.

Shall not his purpose fail ? Shall not this tyrant stark,
Be seized and sudden hurl'd " into the outer dark,"
By Him, the Omnipotent God of Man ?

PETRARCH PARAPHRASED

UNTUTORED, miserable and blind are they
Who base their hopes on those material things
Which Time so fleetly bears away.

IN THE GLEN

THE glint of sunlight through the trees,
The sweet breath of the summer breeze,
The pigeon cooing to his mate
Blend sweet contentment with their state.

Behold yon painted butterfly
As blue as the far distant sky,
She gaily flits from flower to flower,
Finds 'neath a spray, a verdant bower.

Around the clump of graceful fern
The foaming brook doth swiftly turn,
Then onward glides and calmly flows
'Mid heather, bracken and wild rose.

Run tinkling on, O silv'ry stream,
Thou'rt soothing as a pleasant dream,
Faithful wilt thou seaward go,
Unresting like all things below.

TIME'S REPROACH

THE passing day doth gently say—
Observe Life's rules, behold your tools—
Test tubes and flasks suggest new tasks.
With time and care you'll do and dare ;
The scheme 'twas thought would be outwrought,
But still you palter, poor defaulter.
Not yet is done, at *seventy-one*,
That nature-quest, your mind obsessed ;
The day's far spent—*Experiment !*
Glean for Man's store, a few facts more,
Your ardent fire must soon expire,
What's then for thee, who can foresee
The soul *undressed*, may make new quest
'Mid high stages, through long ages.

THOUGHTS

THE varied products of the mind,
Pass not as dust upon the wind,
But live, and their own message tell,
Fraught with Love's rays or glare of Hell.

Our secret thoughts escape, they fly,
Speed onward through the azure sky,
Mounting to His vast unseen throne,
Who formed our minds like to His own.

He who upholds the countless stars,
No thought permits to thrive, that mars ;
To us then, let each stellar fire
Be sign 'gainst Sin, of God's just ire.

EVOLUTION

FROM out of Matter's subtle myst'ry deep,
Arose the great Creator's glorious plan,
Whereby commenced a spacious *nebula*
Which, after age-long change, unfolded Man,
This marvel—matter, spirit blended,
A body, wondrous structure, but of dust,
A tenure brief for the immortal soul
That loves its Father-God with deathless trust.

PEACE

" PEACE to his ashes," folk will say :
Ah ! well indeed, *so let them stay*.
Ye fools, his soul has flown away,
Far hence, its powers have fullest play.

July 1, 1920.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE

"NOVA PERSEI"

*22nd February, 1901**

ALOFT, a lonely watcher in the night,
Peering within celestial depths afar,
Beheld the glory of an unfamiliar star.

As through the telescope intent he gazed
Upon that strange and ever-varying light,
The wonder nightly grew on his enraptured sight.

With Truth so fair, by Science lately won,
Her clue, the prism's parting, guiding way,
He read the distant secret of that pulsing ray.

(Of matter, motion, marvels are revealed,
Unending change within the cosmic space,
Whereby both suns and systems run their mystic race.)

An ancient star whose radiance had expired,
Its worlds drew all to one embrace to be
Transform'd into far-spreading, whirling nebulae.

The mighty working of Eternal Power,
And unto Man, indubitable sign
Of purposes immense, inscrutable, Divine !

* The date of the discovery by Dr. Anderson at Edinburgh ; but the event itself (as determined independently by two mathematicians) occurred about two hundred and fifty years previously.

ÆTHER WAVES

Lines on the Undulatory Theory of Light

YE wondrous light-conveying æther waves
Whose silent ever-pulsing ocean laves
The countless worlds of one SUPERNAL POWER,

From stars remote, through gulf's profound ye fly,
And caught by keen inquiring human eye,
To it transcendent marvels each unfold.

Your essence, nature-loving Man would know
Through gleaming crystal, prism's parting glow
Or pure translucent iris-tinted film.

'Twas Newton's mighty and sagacious mind
Your secret oft, with patience, strove to find,
Yet e'en to him the clue elusive proved ;

And *spectra* cloven-tongued and long concealed
In meaning, unto Genius have revealed
Of all your truths stupendous, but a part.

Ye show that glory of the southern sky
The Titan orb of all that glow on high,
The splendour peerless of *Canopus* fires,*

And in the farthest realms of space display
New suns and ancient spheres whose failing ray
Their common fate portends—extinction nigh ;

And nebulae whose faint far-spreading light,
The gloom o'ercoming of terrestrial night,
A message whispers of the Eternal's plan.

* The sun-power of this mighty orb has been estimated at 21,357 times that of our luminary.

So surely are their lambent beams controll'd
The truth to bear of cycles vast that hold
Far-distant systems in conception hid.

Unsought ye flash again in ruddy light
Of falling meteor, stony *siderite*,
Relics of shattered orbs long since destroyed.

Millenniums, ages, every speeding hour
Ye witness each the triumph course of Power
Unfalt'ring onward e'en for evermore,

While nought endures, but matter wildly toss'd
In whirling maddening mazes swiftly lost
To strong Imagination's eager gaze.

The lurid rays of Ilion's swathing fires,
And seats like-fated of immense empires,
Their doomful story bear to worlds remote.

Your swift actinic and all-reaching ray,
Resistless pierces and depicts to-day
Things far and near, tremendous and minute.

Your longest billows* mutely rise and fall
With burdens great, of good and ill for all,
With chosen signs of thought and feeling charged.

Yea, in the awful power of Justice pressed,
The fleeing son of Crime ye aid t' arrest,
Unhid by stormful sea or distant shore.

At your high call, Aurora mounts the skies
Her fan and folds displays to mortal eyes—
Fair forms and hues their spell to cast o'er man.

How potent are your swiftly vibrant beams
That ever rhythmic flow through life that teems
On this revolving and resplendent globe !

* Those of Radio-telegraphy.

Ye soundless all-pervading æther waves
That take your mystic flight across the graves
Of forms long since to dust returned, yet still

That inmost problem, how ye came to birth,
May be unto the last of men on earth,
Unsolved, as Gravitation's cosmic sway.

.

Chorus sublime of all the radiant spheres,
Transcending all that e'er to Man appears,
Your lofty notes that thrill Creation vast

Must be with jubilation unsurpass'd—
Of perfect praise to that Eternal Mind
Who hath this glorious Universe designed.

DEFLECTION*

THE glorious light of one far-distant star
Hath been by Science skilled, with care observed.
Upon its path immensely long, that light
In speeding past our System's ruling orb,
From its true course at once aside was bent
By Gravitation's all-compelling power.
Likewise the light of Heaven's sacred truth
In its appeal to hard and recreant souls
By power of deadly sin is turn'd aside
And oft is made ignoble ends to serve.
Evil, thou breach of every moral law,
The sad eclipse of all most fair and good,
The foul disease deep-rooted in the soul,
When wilt thou from the life of man depart
A thing accurs'd and to oblivion doomed?

* Determined by observation during the total eclipse of the sun, May 29th, 1919, thus proving that *the æther of space has weight*, and is therefore a material entity. (See *Illustrated London News* for November 15th, 1919.) This marks an important event in the history of modern science.

AN ATLANTIC TRIP

April, 1890 : A Reminiscence

WE speed across the mighty Atlantic,
Plowing a path through billows gigantic,
While the Titan below devours the glow
Of sun-fires imprison'd long ages ago.
With more than the force of ten thousand horse,
We swiftly glide o'er our glittering course,
And we feel, day by day, the tireless play
Of his thews of steel as they work away.
Afloat ! Afloat ! our hearts are full of hope,
We now with grim Despair no longer cope.
Far from Erin's green shore, white-winged birds soar
And wildly exult in old ocean's roar ;
With joy we haste to the Home of the Free,
The fair and wide land of high destiny.

NATURE

I

THE vast, minute, the awful and sublime,
That tell of wonder and of mystery deep,
Are, by the cultured mind of Man embraced ;
Yet of his gleanings, is he sadly vain,
For how remote from Truth's totality !
Who can the boundless Cosmos fully know
Save the Supreme who gave it form and life ?
A spacious drama as its scenes unfold,
The changeful earth and sea and sky allure,
Delight, appal, the sentient soul of MAN !
Aloft, the vulture's vision swift and keen
The arid plain surveys and carrion spies,
With wings outspread he hastens toward the feast,
The air unwittingly to purify.

And rivulets from mighty Frost set free
 (As blithesome youth from school but just released,)
 Their glittering path each downward glad pursue
 And verdure spread along the stony dale.
 Thou modern Man ! thou canst not *all* behold—
 From wide Reflection's aeroplane surveyed—
 'Mid desert-heat the stifling simoon sweeps,
 There's strong allurements in the fair mirage,
 See, coiling Maelstrom's cold engulfing sweep
 Or, that unwonted pageant of the skies
 A Hebrew seer from Chebar's banks beheld,*
 To Imagination making strong appeal—
 The sun with gorgeous chariot wheels retiring ;
 All proofs are these of Nature's *mass* and *might*,
 And yet beyond, below the senses range,
 By minds well trained, that clearly so perceive,
 Are Force and Matter in perpetual play,
 (Like lively gnats that dance in golden light
 That o'er a summer day its glory spreads)—
 A gentle symphony of charming chords.

NATURE

II

Fluorescence †

A LIGHT unique, some bodies well reflect,
 'Tis to their subtle unseen structure due,

* Ezekiel's vision of the wheels is now regarded as his impression of the rare phenomena of the *parhelia*.

† To readers unfamiliar with Physics, it is needful to explain that, within ordinary daylight, there are among others, rays (*æther-waves*) of ultra-violet light (so effective in photography) moving with enormous velocity. When these, ordinarily *invisible* rays, fall upon and enter certain solid or liquid substances, the *speed* of the rays is so *lowered*, as they are *dashed back* (i.e. emerge by reflection) that they then become visible. Being always of *lesser period* than the incident waves, these slower ones reveal a peculiar beauty in the bodies upon which they fall. The phenomena are well seen in ordinary paraffin oil, aniline red, fluor-spar, etc., especially in strong or direct sunlight. The effects are vivid in the case of aniline dyes.

And Science, by her tests, defines it well ;
'Mid things in common use, but oft apart,
A solid or some liquid thing we note,
A twofold lustre having of its own,
By light reflected or sent through withal.
Be Thought and Observation here our guides
Through realms as yet imperfectly explored—
The complex molecules, invisible,
In numbers great, and which the medium form,
Are all by one true rhythmic motion ruled,
But while they swing, some molecules *react*
On undulations that upon them fall,
(Wavelets that tell of light of day diffused)
A *group* with high velocity endowed—
Yea, wondrous unimaginable speed,
Then comes collision and a quick rebound—
Thus from the swaying throng, *new rays emerge*,
For now their vibrant motion is transformed
To slower measures that rare charms display
Within the mazes of their cryptic dance—
Tints e'en most delicate and beautiful ;
Their glowing hues the presence making known
Of Nature's all-pervading subtle forces,
The grand impressive truth anew proclaiming—
Within the visible, powers unseen abide,
Apart from them, men's eyes could nought behold.

THE AIR-FIEND

WHO'S lord of yonder aeroplane
That deftly skims upon the lake
Then flying bat-like o'er the main
Drops bolts of Death and seeds of Hate ?

His air-men with unwonted skill,
Heroic rise and with a shot
Contrive poor folk to maim and kill
And infants slay within their cot.

Ah ! who can be this " superman " ?
No secret is it from the world
Behold the *tyrant* of Potsdam
With blood-drenched standard wide unfurl'd.

A mad ambition loud doth call,
Inspired by some demoniac tune,
To strike and hold mankind in thrall
His armies thunder round Verdun,

Cast showers of shot, hurl tons of shell,
But their infernal craft is vain,
Though hills and dales become a hell,
The Huns a victory fail to gain.

Brave sons of France resist the shock,
(Their cause supremely just and right,)
Steadfast remain, as Alpine rock,
Aid well their Allies in the fight.

While Freedom halts, Peace is unknown,
Yea, Europe hath e'en lost her soul,
Till Prussian despots are o'erthrown
And suffering mankind is made whole.

AN ECHO

WITHIN a cave of Southern Greece
A wondrous echo may be heard ;
By waving but a paper sheet,
A roll of mimic thunder's stirred.

A cruel King (so runs the tale)
His captives held within the cave,
Then watched to hear their woeful cries
Uprising from this living grave.

The whispered thought, the fervent prayer,
The wand'rings wild of fevered brain,
The curse, the cry of deep despair,
The moan of grief, the shriek of pain.

In Statecraft's cave a sheet men wave—
"A scrap of paper," so they say—
And honour, faith and plighted word
In cannon-thunders pass away !

THE s.s. "TITANIC." IN MEMORIAM

WHAT though his earthly days are but a span,
How glorious is the skill of modern man,
That Nature's mighty powers well employs
New victories to gain and added joys.
Alas, 'tis ever a presumptuous boast,
He errs, oft fails, and giveth up the ghost.

.

'Twas o'er the calm and star-lit northern sea
The steamship plowed her way in majesty.
Thrice sped the days and nights, and all went well,
Nor could the watch a direful fate foretell.
The great creation of man's skill and pride
Brief floats, then sinks beneath the ocean tide,
As snow-flake melting on a wintry sea
Beyond all human care and hope sank she ;
Death silent steered his dreadful craft of ice
And tore Leviathan of man's device.
What scenes of agony and strife and woe,
Heroic deeds that set our hearts aglow !
The vessel vast received the blow of Death,
And most, upon her decks, gave up their breath.
Yet lie they not enwrapp'd in dreamless sleep
Within the awful many-fathom'd deep.
'Tis Faith assures they've gained another shore
And on a higher plane dwell evermore.
Not one was 'mid that wreckage heedless thrown,
Our Father-God doth ever claim His own ;
Nay, in the anguish'd spirit of each one,
His love beheld, embraced, a deathless son.

NIGHT

GRACIOUS and beneficent Night
Sleep-giving to all wearied minds,
To sorrow-laden the consoler,
Peace of the blood-stained warrior
And calm enswather of his wounds,
Do thou abide with toil-worn Man.

NONENTITIES

IN truth, nonentities are they
Whereon men often have their say ;
Of Luck, they glibly talk, or Chance,
As though it were a casual glance.
Of Oblivion grandly speak with awe,
And yet no Chance is there, but Law.
Oblivion's but an empty phrase
That may delude us all our days,
By Law, the Universe is bound,
All entities in it are found ;
Never can there be a border
The which beyond is wild disorder.

IN MEMORIAM

CAPTAIN PYCKTHORN

A BRITISH captain, e'en most brave,
The " Clearway " guided o'er the western wave,
'Mid thundering billows, lashing spray,
The panting engines urg'd her on her way.
He stood heroic 'fore the mast,
And firmly faced the cruel icy blast.
As buds responding to the sun,
So felt his soul, the duty to be done.
The days were five, and night by night,
Naught could his spirit baffle or affright.

And yet, in sight of his desires,
Like Nelson brave, a victor he expires.
Nor thinks of favour at Fame's court,
As staunch, the "Clearway" enters Boston port.
Though hard the strife and faint his breath,
True was the Captain—"faithful unto death."

IN MEMORIAM

WILLIAM THOMSON—LORD KELVIN

(d. December 17, 1907)

ANOTHER "wizard of the North"
From mortal scenes hath journeyed forth,
His noble spirit took its flight
To regions of celestial light,
To provinces of joy and power,
Designed for God's good sons, their dower.
The treasures of his prescient mind
He freely gave to all mankind,
The subtle and "magnetic field,"
He found e'en magic fruits to yield,
Whereby a little trembling ray
Revealed the poisèd needle's play,
The pulse electric, his resource
For Thought to make her instant course
Through watery leagues, from east to west,
From west to east, at Man's behest;
Below the heaving ocean's roar
The message speeds from shore to shore
Of peace and joy, of truth and right
Which will the nations more unite,
And with clear-sighted wisdom warn
Of portents of politic storm.
Yea, Genius taught him how to sound
Atlantic's darkest depths profound,
And as the vessel onward glides,
The path to trace of hidden tides.

Ye, hungry seas ! shall not receive
 His corse, o'er which the people grieve,
 'Tis honoured now and filleth room
 Beside illustrious Nelson's tomb.

.

Eagle, oft gazing on the sun !
 Thy wings have tired—the summit's won,
 The light now shines most pure for thee
 Through æons of eternity.

HUMAN PROGRESS

THE attribute it is of Man
 His life to spend upon a plan,
 To daily shape his own ideal
 So it at last come forth—the real ;
 'Mid cares and hardship and for gain
 He conceives, brings forth the aeroplane ;
 His ships they glide o'er mountain-seas
 With stormy petrel's grace and ease,
 Th' express speed o'er gleaming rail
 The flight outstrips of wintry gale,
 And cables pulsing with a code
 Of *action*, method or new mode
 His needs convey of every kind,
 The motions of ne'er-resting mind.
 The starry heavens he'll explore
 And knowledge add unto his store,
 But when he steadfast looks within
 His soul's perturbed with sense of sin,
Himself exploring as a mine
 He proves his kinship is divine,
 Perceives and apprehends the whole
 That links him to " the Over-soul."

VERSATILE VERSE IN
LIGHTER VEIN

MISS PORTER'S PLEA WITH OLDSHY, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE TURPENTINE

With apologies to the shade of W—— S——.

THE quality of Humour is not strained,
It floweth warm from depths of the sub-conscious mind,
As radio-active matter out the thermal spring.
It is twice dress'd, in fancy garb of him
Who gives and him that takes. 'Tis brightest in
The wisest, it becomes the seated sage
Better than Reason's hard and painful quest ;
His wisdom shows the force of intellectual power,
An attribute of soul wherein abides
The dread and shame of fools. But humour gleams
As summer lightning round the mountain's brow,
It is enthroned within the brain of wits,
It is an attribute of Truth herself,
And human nature well doth her revere
When humour seasons nonsense. Therefore man,
Though Humour be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of duty, none of us
Should seek relief. We do crave for Humour,
And that same desire, doth teach us all to
Render, as we may, the best of humour.

To this the merchant made reply—Jest so.

THE NEEDY METRE-MAKER

A POET went forth to a third-rate hotel
With thoughts that revolved in his cranium pell-mell.

Down sat he and polished an elegant couplet,
While the waiter brought him a delicate cutlet.

What ho ! said the poet, 'tis wondrously strange,
I've come without bringing enough of small change,

Here, waiter, I ask you to kindly delay,
And place it back into the oven, I pray.

Out went the poor rhymster much puzzled in mind,
How quickly that he then could "raise the wind,"

Then thought he of all that were near and most dear,
But the prospect of money was dreadfully drear.

He called on an "Uncle," and left watch and chain,
And said that he shortly would visit again.

When lo ! turning sharply along a back street
A portly acquaintance his eyes chanced to greet,

'Twas the "Ed." of the "Wallington Warbler" he met,
Who then and there paid him a long-standing debt.

Our poet, without any further ado,
Turned in and ordered, good chops for two.

He polished his glasses and curled his long hair
And put on a look that was quite *debonnaire*.

Nor was he contented so well now to dine,
Without a large flagon of seasoned port wine.

MORAL

Of such is man's life, with its ups and its downs,
'Tis full of Dame Fortune's bland smiles and dark frowns.

Thus we see fair proportion of work and of play,
Brings recompense ample both now and alway.

THE ROAD DEMON*

I RUSH across the world afar,
Upon my panting motor car,

And by my ugly snorting horn,
Awake the echoes of the morn.

* The Hindoo term for motor-car is "shaitan gharry," which is literally "devil-carriage."

With clouds of dust and blinding light,
I add new terrors to the night.

Behind I leave a clinging smell,
More noisome than a blast from hell.

With goggles on my glaring eyes,
The slow pedestrian I surprise.

By day, by night, 'tis my delight,
Such simple mortals to affright.

But still it seems I'm not so free,
To be as merry as I'd be.

My friend Apollyon's fiendish art,
Quite failed with every fiery dart ;

For " pilgrim " plodded on his way,
With feet more sturdy from the fray.

There's now one power I hold in awe,
The slow, sure grip of civil law.

MINGLED MUSINGS

O WHY was fickle Florence late
In barring fast her garden gate ?

Perhaps she had a sudden thought
That some great evil might be wrought.

For jealous of her goodly name,
Foul tongues were ready to defame.

She then coldly did dismiss me,
Yet feign'd e'en to coyly kiss me.

O ne'er again so late I'll tarry,
Nor bounden yet am I to marry.

Farewell ! say I, without one sigh,
What need again to have thee nigh ?

Ah ! fickle Florence, on thy bier
I'll shed—a crocodilian tear !

THE LION HUNTER

It was in Afric's sunny land
There once went forth a chosen band
 With guns galore
 And Kyser Gore,

Who long'd to hunt within a wood,
And bag a beast both rare and good.
 He meant to aim
 At noble game ;

And would set his sportive eye on
A large and very handsome lion,
 And lie in wait
 To seal his fate.

Before, howe'er, the man discerned,
His ill-laid plan got overturned,
 Though forth he went
 With gun intent.

'Twas strange, our hunter's confidence,
For in this notion there is sense—
 The first to see
 Will victor be.

Just then, with a rush and a roar,
(As he had often done before)
 A beast of prey
 Uprose that way ;

Who, with a swift and mighty bound,
That hunter rash brought to the ground.
 What next befell
 I need not tell ;

Except that with a growl and crunch,
The hungry brute prepared his lunch
 With a licking
 Fit for picking.

How vain it proved, poor Kyser's sport,
For his last words we now report :
 " Farewell ! " he cried,
 " I'm going inside."

A PACIFIC ISLE

O WERE I like a bird that flies,
 'Mid stormful clouds or sunlit skies,
 To where feathery palm trees rise
 And dates grow ripe of fullest size,
 'Tis there methinks, 'mid zephyr sighs,
 I'd healthy grow and truly wise,
 And 'neath the dusky native eyes
 I'd dance and sing to their surprise,
 And fish and then philosophize.
 'Tis plain this is but vague surmise,
 For first must I just win that prize,
 A goodly aeroplane likewise
Well stocked with petrol, tea and pies
 And other things that cooks devise,
 Which none who travel e'er despise,
 To reach that land, so far it lies
 That blessèd isle, I idolize.

'Ανάμνησις

June 17, 1901

As this is not a pastoral lay,
 But only an attempt in rhyme,
 Your kind indulgence now I pray
 To tell of a most happy time.

.
 I say this in parenthesis,
 The plan, I hope, is not amiss,
 It came *par uncti fulminis*.

.
 A group of shepherds went astray,
 Far from their flocks one summer's day,
 They sauntered 'mid the mighty trees
 Of the historic "Dukeries."

But tempted by the strawb'ry yield
 Within a station-master's field,
 Alone, one lingering far behind,
 Was shortly wandering like the wind.

Beside a path 'twixt noble beeches,
 These wayward shepherds made their speeches,
 Of learn'd debate there was no lack,
 They argued long about Harnack.*

Two Welshmen, one upon his knees,
 Spoke well on sacred mysteries,
 But Whitaker, Smith, Lindsay, Gow,†
 Touched on their—Why and When and How.

Then up they rose and made their paces
 As though in training for foot-races,
 And came then to that forest giant
 Who of Time's pilf'rings seemed defiant.

These eight then hid as 'neath a cloak
 Within the trunk of "Major Oak,"
 The day wore on, the hour of five
 With stealthy footstep did arrive.

Sufficed not Nature's charming mood,
 Forsooth, these shepherds wanted food.
 They made their way to Edwinstowe
 To an inn table's fairest show——

Ham, eggs and cake and well brew'd tea,
 Enough for all that company.
 Their pipes they smoked, then caught the train
 Which bore them toward their homes again.

Here's *minus* drama, plot or scheme,
 As poor a rhyme as e'er was seen,
 So ends an unromantic tale,
 A fact, I'm sure, you won't bewail.‡

* i.e. his—*What is Christianity?*

† Now Rev. Dr. Gow of Hampstead.

‡ The above lines were read at their next meeting.

SAINT JOSEPH

ST. JOSEPH was a wooden saint,
A saint of wood was he,
And all who to his church may go
Can see the effigy.

Once he upon a journey went,
And at a certain stage,
A lady old and deaf and weak
Essayed that pilgrimage.

This saint of wood, her man besought
To take in holy care,
As likewise she went o'er that way ;
His plea met with *a stare*.

Ah ! you may say, of what the use,
At any time of day,
To ask a saint of painted wood
To watch and work or pray ?

We set him up among the saints,
Whate'er may be his creed,
Apart from title, gold and paints,
Who helps us in our need.

A MEDICAL PROSPERO

THIS I command—Away go
Thou cruel imp *Lumbago*.

'Tis sure and also imminent,
I'll cast thee out with liniment.

Chosen spirit thou of Grief,
Of human peace the crafty thief,

I'd rather study here and know
What Science tells of *Plumbago*.

A SCIENTIFIC PARSON TO HIS NIECE

YOUR antique aunt will shortly write
 When things are "fixed up right and tight,"
 Your uncle, too, has much to do
 With books and bottles not a few,
 His Sunday sermons he'll compose,
 Liquids in test-tubes redispense,
 A thesis upon Sin indict
 And notes synthetical put right.
 His thoughts oft soar to heights divine,
 And then descend to Iodine.

AN OLD-TIME INVALID

O MISTRESS dear, you look so queer,
 Tell me the reason why,

'Tis plain to me, as toast and tea
 Set out for company,

You're like to *cry* as well as sigh,
 What can the matter be ?

My tender maid, so good and staid,
 I'm *sensitive*, said she.

The German band upon the strand
 Such *unique* music plays.

'Tis like an *ass* turned out to *grass*
 That to his brother brays.

Mix'd with this sound, *cock-crows* abound,
 Such *discord*, I would flee,

When liquid notes dance like the boats
 Upon the rippled sea,

Music so fair, upon the air,
 The *best in me inspires*,

They charm my soul, I feel nigh *whole*,
 There's *hope* in my desires.

THE BOOK-WORM

O THE folly and the sadness
And the ever-deepening madness
Of an old book-worm !

All the hist'ry and the fiction
And the tomes of stately diction
Pass with each reform.

His thoughts like cauldron of the witches
E'en *rubbish* mix'd with *riches*,
Would things new perform.

'Tis *well*, this *pain* of *inward* strife—
His name's writ in the " Book of Life "—
Passing is the storm.

" BIRDIE "

" COME, birdie, come and dwell with me."
So sang a maid of forty-three,
A magpie heard it up a tree
And chirped—ho ! ho ! what can this be,
Shall I give up my liberty,
Fly down and live along with *she* ?
(He knew not *grammar*, so you see)
I'm happy as a nimble flea
Who hops and sucks prosperity,
Of all who fly o'er land or sea
Most happy seem the birds to me,
Content as ev'ry humble bee
That drones 'mid flowers on the lea.

O maiden, heed then this my plea,
With thy desire, I *can't agree* ;
The *gift* of *wings* hath made me *free*,
So I ne'er can abide with thee
But will enjoy simplicity
And life in its serenity.

"A GOOD ALL ROUND MAN"

His life he spends in mix'd delights
 Discussing Copts, now *coprolites*.
 From histry's choicest store he draws
 Thence to the form of lion's claws,
 Next plunges into Hydrostatics,
 Is quite at home in mathematics,
 Turns from all his ills asthmatic
 To beauties of some ancient classic,
 From doctrines theological
 To theories geological.
 Seeks sad haunts of hungry wretches,
 Revels too, in comic sketches,
 From works of modern criticism,
 Diverts to latest witticism,
 Well loves things gastronomical,
 Attacks problems astronomical,
 And proves himself a man of taste,
 Being fifty-two around the waist,
 Though in public estimation,
 Unknown's his "personal equation."

AVIATION

COME fly with me
 Across the moaning sea,
 To that fair land
 Whose lovely crescent strand
 Of varied hue
 And glitt'ring waters blue
 Invite us home
 No more to sadly roam.
 We'll gain *release*,
 A sweet unbroken peace.
 Ah me ! the scene
 Is but an idle dream,
 In vain you may
 This striving world survey.

LENORE

BELOV'D Lenore, I'm at thy door,
From thee to learn my fate,

My hopes are high, clear as the sky
At morn of summer late.

But what is this, is't woe or bliss ?—
For here a letter lies :

The lines are these, " My own heart's ease
Is *soaring* through the skies,

The battles o'er, he'll fight no more ;
What *rapture* in his love !

This little hand with golden band
Will greet my homing dove."

O false Lenore ! my heart is sore,
At dawn, I'll haste away,

Ah ! never more, we'll walk the shore
To mark the close of day.

LOVE

Lines by a Great Smoker

SHE is flaxen hair'd and flighty,
But her influence is mighty,

For those eyes of heav'nly blue
They search me ever through and through,

And warm me like the sun above,
So potent is the flame of love.

What shall we call our little queen ?
We'll name her Polly Nicotine !

EIDELIA

HER eyes outshine the orbs of holy light
Which gem the canopy of night.

Her lips do glow like petals of a rose
In parting, yet have sweet repose.

Her breath is od'rous as the passing breeze
That sighs among the dark pine trees.

Her voice out-rivals e'en the nightingale
Attune at eve in quiet dale.

Her touch, 'tis like the coming of the spring,
Softer than down on insect's wing.

Her step, 'tis lightsome as the timid deer
That hastens toward the moonlit mere.

O fairest maid ! of thee can more be said
Than that thou'rt to my fancy wed ?

A FANCY

By an effort of the mind
You may travel through the wind,

Light upon some lonely shore
Where break billows evermore.

Round this desolate domain
Sea-gulls soar in calm disdain

Of all dangers that abide
With each rise and fall of tide.

Here 'mid palm and cocoa-nut
Still remains a crumbling hut,

Where existed many a day
Hopeless, a wreck'd castaway.

Reader ! here you'll say *you* knew so
Lived Man Friday and old Crusoe.

A DOG TALE

A 'Street Scene in Tavistock

O YEZ ! O yez ! a tale I'll tell
The townsfolk of what e'en befell
Upon the twenty-ninth July
In Brook street, 'neath the public eye,
A dog jumped off a motor-car
To mix with two small curs at war.
'Twas like to be a stand-up fight
Betwixt these brutes, in public sight.
With canine zeal this sturdy terrier
At once resolved to make things merrier
And by the strength of teeth and paw
To prove the power that's in dog-law.
When lo ! the owner of one cur
To this proceeding did demur.
A mighty blow, in fact, was that
Which laid the motor dog quite flat,
'Twas HARDER than our rustic willed
For all thought he the *dog* had *killed*,
His owners in that car of fashion
Then *remonstrated*, with passion—
For this cruel act you'll rue the day,
For our " deah " dog we'll make you pay.
But I this story must *curtail*,
Lest it outvie the " Daily Mail."
Lo ! after all, he did not *die*
But breathed and calmly ope'd an eye !
For if that hard stick he'd but shunn'd
'Tis plain he then had not been stunned.
The stricken dog, at length contrived
To stand upright and so revived.
Our fancy need not stretch so far
To trace his luck to " the dog-star ! "
He now is happy as a " Skye "—
Since Death's been put off—*sine die*.

MORAL

In haste we say—"the *brute* he *dies*"—
 Then oft 'tis found we dogmatize.
 When you a fighting dog would stop,
 Just give his nerves a *mod'rate drop*.

AN EXCURSION IN IRELAND

9 April, 1906

"O DO, ah do, Oh Do
 Let's cycle forth to Waterford "
 If we can't go to Waterloo,

"The ships I want to see
 Within the bay of Waterford,
 And sister 'Em' along with me."

I wanted *not* to go
 And stubborn, thought I ne'er would yield,
 But fairest "Dorrie" press'd me so.

The day was very hot,
 White were the gleaming roads, with dust
 When with those girls, I cast my lot.

With tumbles, jokes and smiles
 We three went off upon our wheels
 And freely ran those sixty miles.

They eager were to see
 A steamship from far Brazil's shore,
 Her freight discharging at the quay,

So venturing aboard,
 With all the charm of Irish girls,
 They skipp'd, they peeped, also explored.

Young "tars," with tender hearts
 Told sailor yarns of what they'd seen,
 While Cupid sly, aimed true his darts.

At length fond parting came :
 Alas ! the men perceived how well
 These girls had played their little game.

These fair maids of "Suir View"
When duly welcomed home at last,
Were ready quite for Irish stew.

THE PROFITEER

WHY, oh why are things so dear?
Ask our friend the profiteer;
Perhaps 'tis *meet* it should be so,
That we may our lesson know.

His "cross-cuts," he makes for gain,
Caring not who suffers pain,
That from trade he may retire,
Have a mansion, "private wire."

And possess a motor-car
Here and there to run afar,
And in show and ease reside
Where he'll fatten up his pride.

Find you may his residence
On that path of eminence,
Leading to our breezy moor,
Far above the hungry poor.

Nothing will his conscience tease,
Despite Lazarus—Dives,
But of this we can be sure
Leanness will his soul endure.

FLYING THE ATLANTIC *

June 15, 1919

THE noble Eagle in his flight,
By two mishaps was sore delayed—
A mighty leap from shore to shore
The British Lion made.
All honour to our great Ally,
We'll now in happy union fly.

* Published in *Plymouth Mercury*.

INDEX

Abdul, the Passing of, 49

Adversity, 43

Æther Waves, 68

Air-Fiend, The, 73

Alcyone, 44

'Ανάμνησις, 85

Atlantic, Flying the, 95

Atlantic Trip, An, 71

Aviation, 90

Betrayed, 41

"Birdie," 89

Book-Worm, The, 89

Century, The New, 35

Consolation, 51

Day, The, 42

Death the Dustman, 52

Deflection, 70

Demon of Potsdam, The, 63

Demon, The Road, 82

Devil-craft, German, 62

Dog Tale, A, 93

Doubt, A Passing, 37

Earth, A Story of the, 53

Echo, An, 74

Eidelia, 92

Evolution, 66

Fancy, A, 92

Ferrer, Francisco, 48

Fluorescence, 72

Fossil, Sunlight on a, 47

Gem, The Priceless, 40

Gift, Life's, 39

Glen, In the, 64

Gloom, In the, 43

God, The Immanent, 36

Honour, The Roll of, 63

Invalid, An Old-time, 88

Ireland, An Excursion in, 94

Isle, A Pacific, 85

Jesus, 45

Joseph, Saint, 87

Joy, The Hour of, 38

Lark, The, 35

Lenore, 91

Life, The New, 43

Lion Hunter, The, 84

Love, 36

Love, My, 46

Love, 91

Man, 53

"Man, A Good All-round," 90

Man, The Striving of, 16

Metre-maker, The Needy, 81

Musings, Mingled, 83

Nature, 71

Netley Abbey, 9

Night, 76

Nonentities, 76

"Nova Persel," 67

Optimism, 39

Parson, A Scientific, 88

Peace Protest, A, 61

Peace, 49

Peace, 66

Petrarch Paraphrased, 64

Photo'd at 72, 50

Plea, Miss Porter's, 81

Prayer, A, 52

Profiteer, The, 95

Progress, Human, 78

Prospero, A Medical, 87

Providence, Eternal, 46

Pyckthorn, Captain, 76

Rejection, 49

Religion, 43

Reproach, Time's, 65

Stromboli, 47

Tamar's Vale, 50

Thomson, William, 77

Thought, 54

Thoughts, 65

Time's Reproach, 65

"Titanic," The s.s., 75

Trip, An Atlantic, 71

Trust, Our, 53

Twins, The, 40

Unending, The Life, 42

Wind, The, 51

Wistman's Wood, 60

DATE DUE

[illegible]

GTU Library
2400 Ridge Road
Berkeley, CA 94709
For renewals call (510) 649-2500

• All items are subject to recall.

